THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVII No. 1786 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 14 1934

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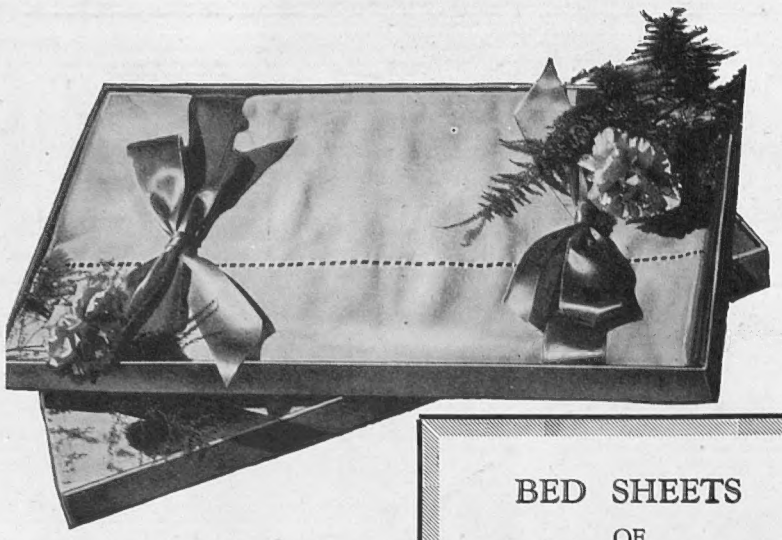

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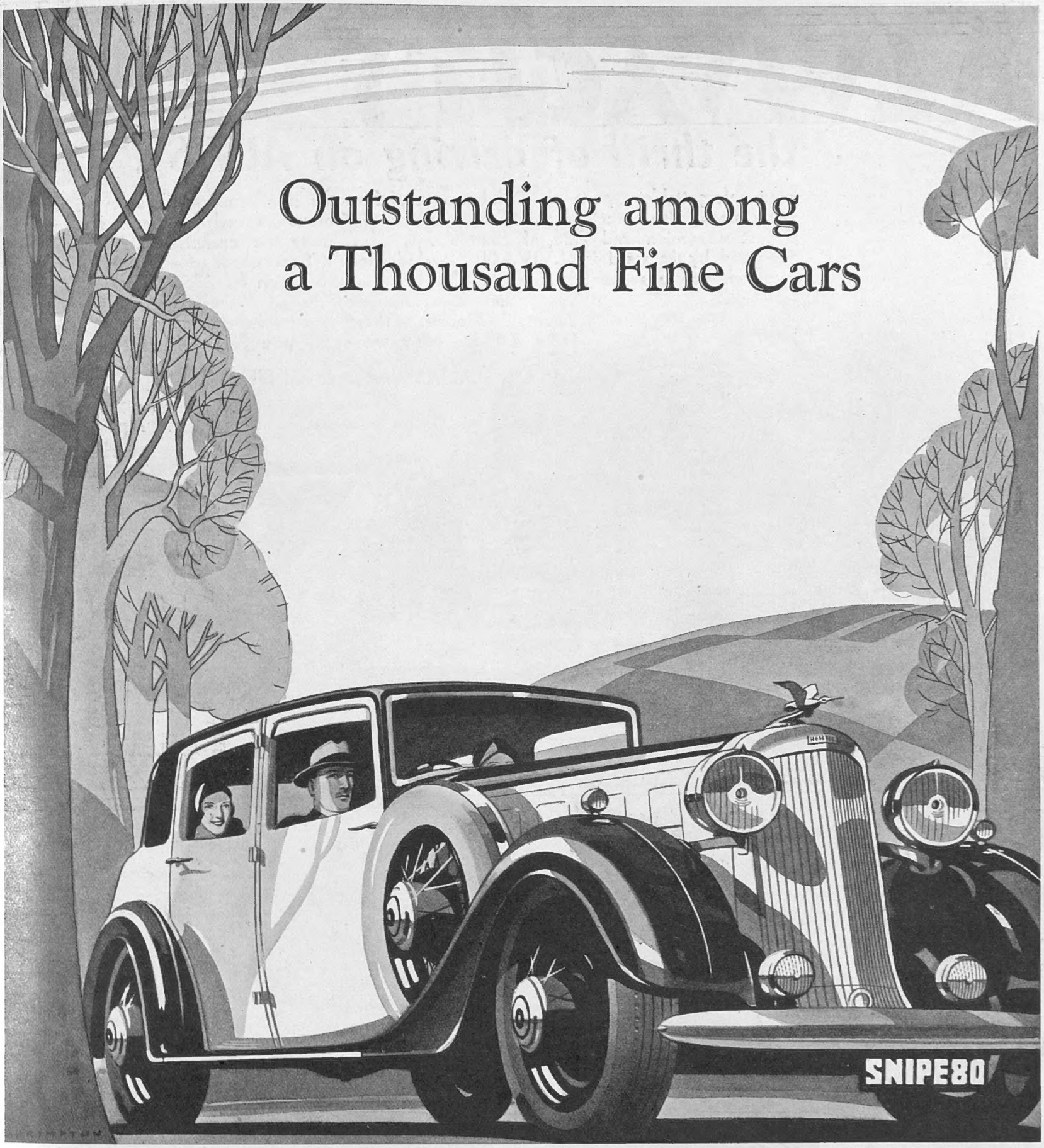

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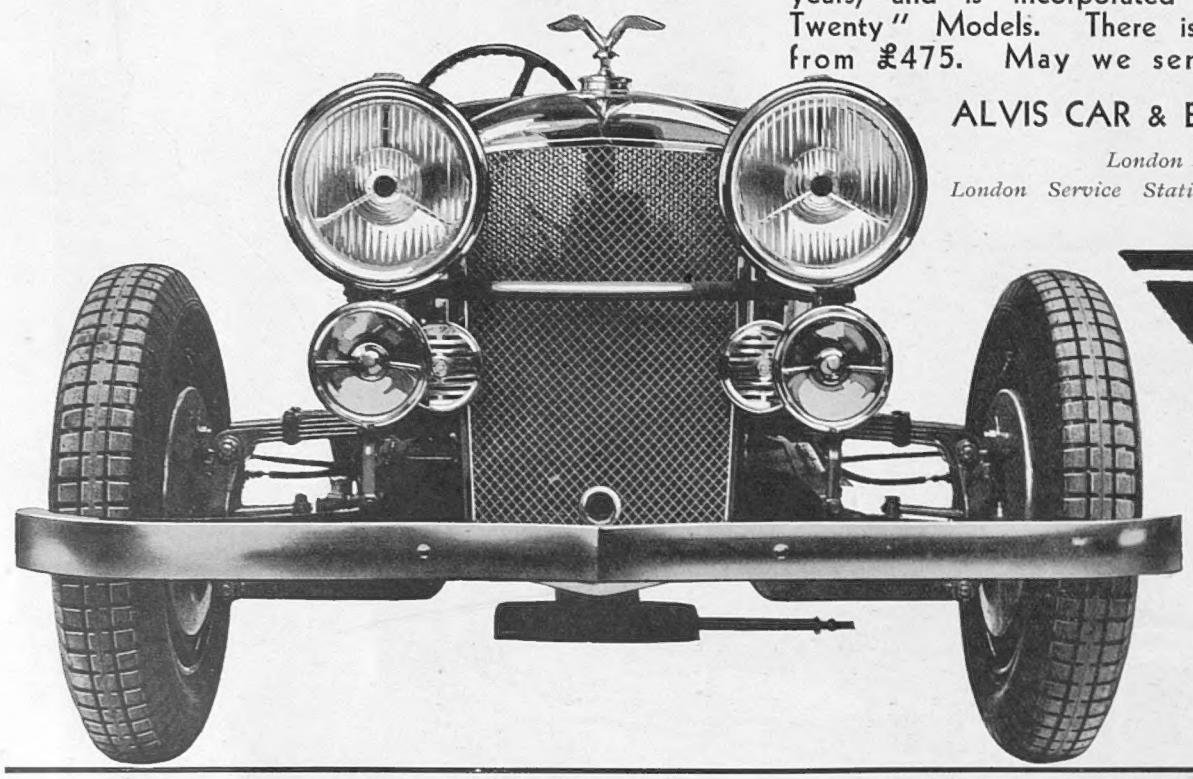

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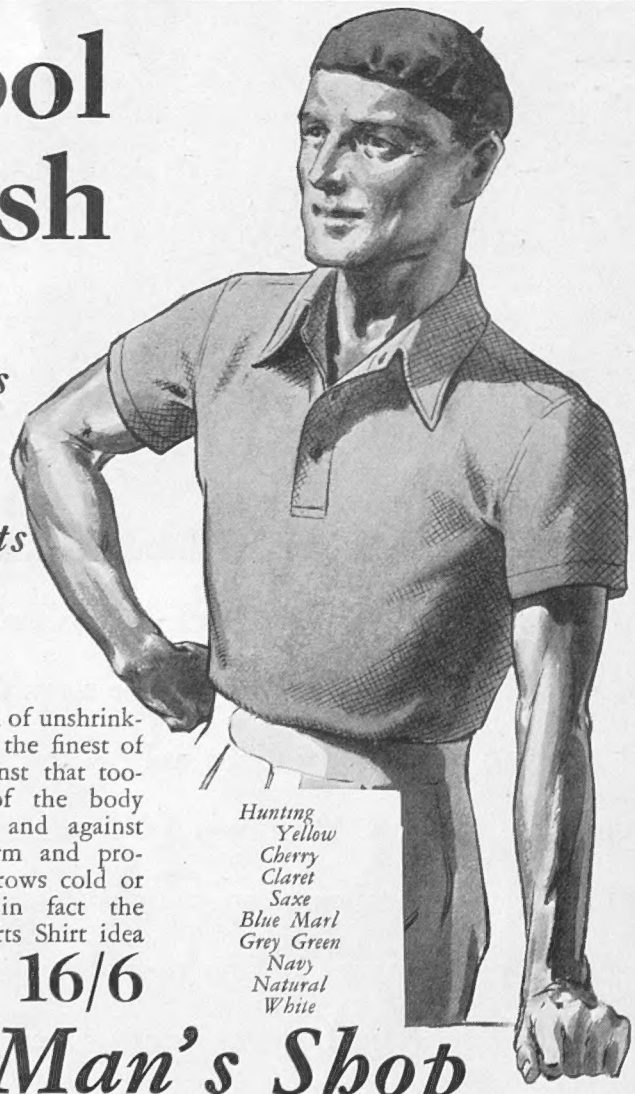

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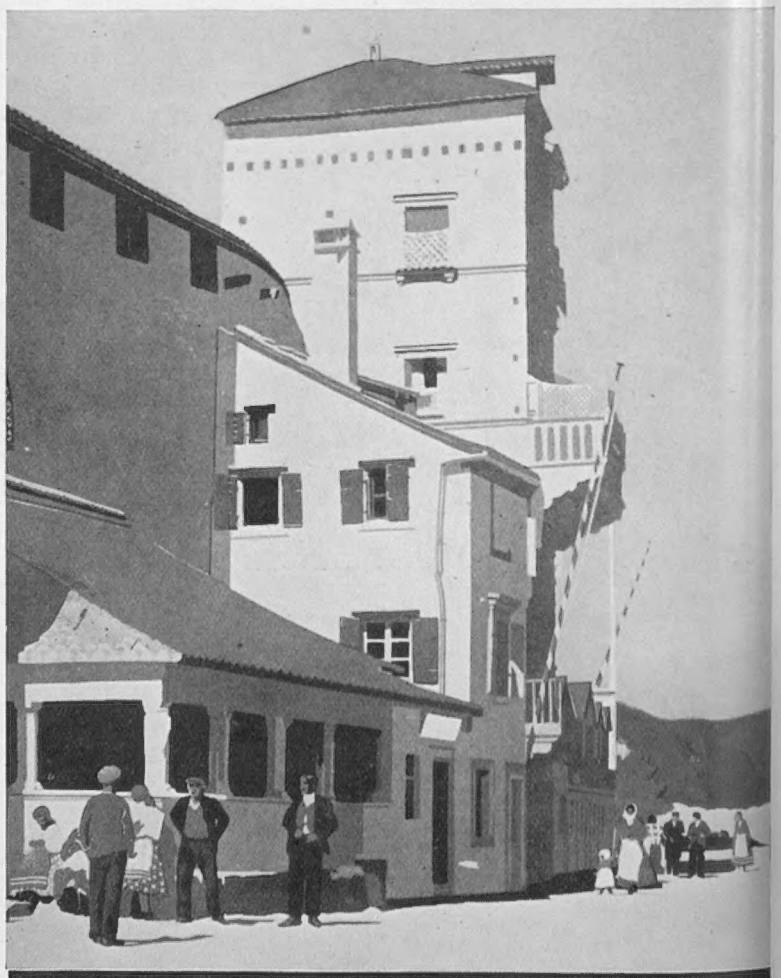

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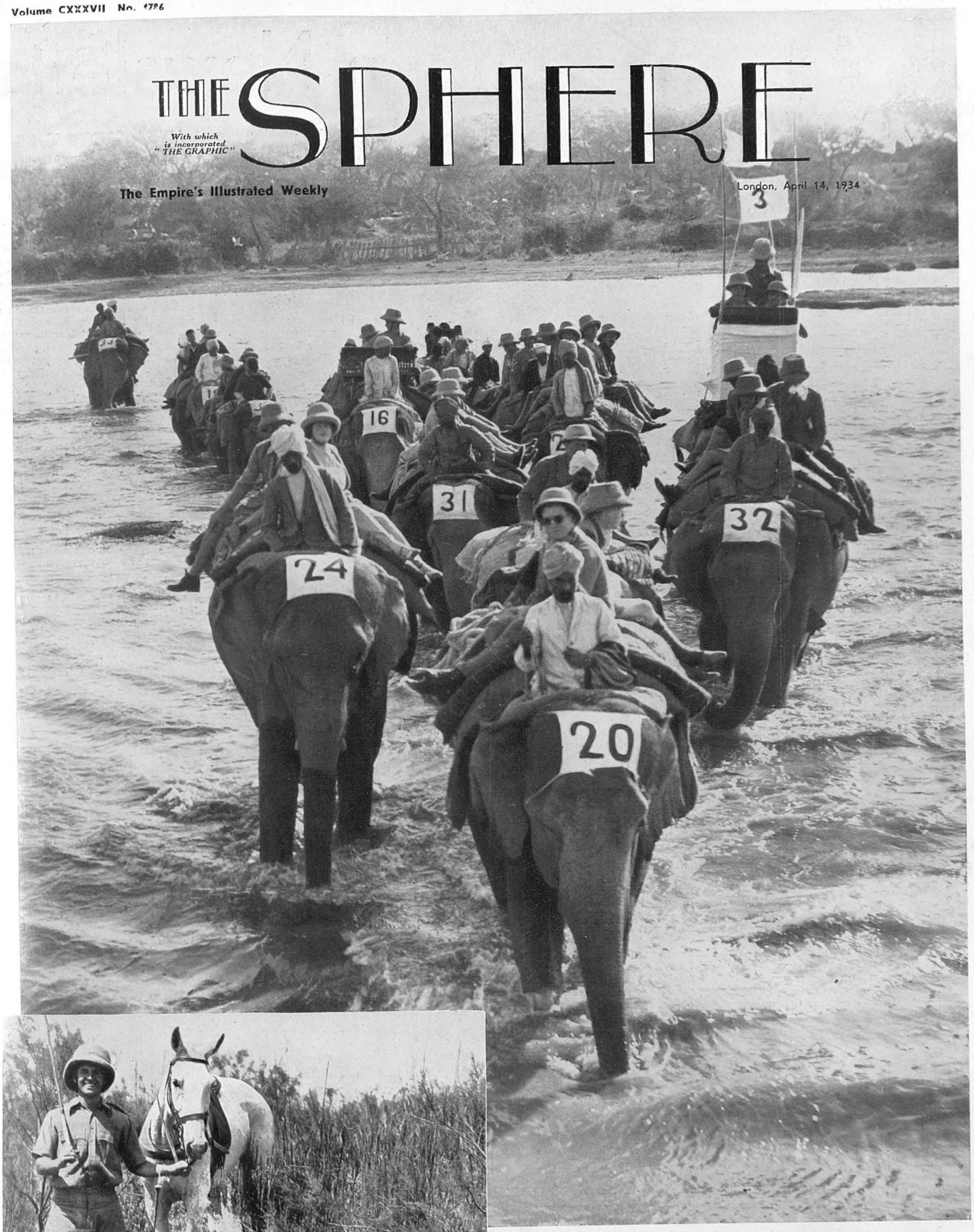
Volume CXXXVII No. 4786

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, April 14, 1934



THE PIG-STICKER'S CLASSIC

The Kadir Cup of 1934

India has no more important sporting event than the Kadir Cup, for which the sixty-third contest was held recently at Bachraon in the United Provinces. Pig-sticking perhaps provides an even greater test of horsemanship than either fox-hunting or steeplechasing, while the ever-present element of danger makes it equally thrilling. The winner this year was Lieutenant C. R. D. Gray, who is seen on the left with his horse Granite and the pig which he accounted for in the final heat. He has hog-hunted for only two seasons, so his performance is all the more praiseworthy. Some of the competitors are seen above crossing a river on the way to the start

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London Newsletter

TIMELY REPAIRS! Big Ben is to be stopped at the end of this month to enable repairs to be made to the works

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, April 11, 1934.

ENEMIES OF THE LEAGUE?

—I should resent being put on the list of journalist enemies and decriers of the League of Nations. I think it is a common error to judge as its enemies those who do not believe that the League at this juncture can "deliver the goods" (or even a *pro forma* invoice). The truth is that if its reputation declines much more and at the pace at which it has recently declined, the League will never deliver goods in our generation or century. That is why some so-called enemies of the League voice their opinion that it is momentarily powerless and ought not to be called on to bear even one more straw which may break its back. In a word, the League and its vitally important reputation need nursing back to life, and not another strenuous testing at an impossibly difficult time. How can this nursing be done? Not by inviting it to unravel, harmonize, and alleviate the utterly divergent aspirations and anxieties of its signatories in league assembled. There is, however, an idea afoot, with novelty and common sense to recommend it, an idea which more and more recommends itself to sound men of all parties. It is, broadly, the idea of conversations among neighbours. Do not dismiss the idea because my description is weak. The germ of the idea may have originated from the success of the German - Polish Convention. Such neighbourly conversations would not be expected always to reach such a measure of constructive success. But if to-day a European country were to "get together" with its neighbour (say) on the North and merely set on paper the exact nature of their mutual fears and aspirations, that would be something. The problem would be concreted and recorded and might well be whittled down in the conversations. Then would follow, naturally, similar conversations with neighbour on the South. In the course of months, a dozen such records of differences reduced to writing to the nearest point to harmony would be completed. And here the League would come in. Quietly, without the risk of a major and public failure, the League officials would work on these records, and, it might well be, in process of time it could categorically rank and arrange in order of first and secondary importance the still outstanding divergences of view. Many of the minor ones might well be eliminated as a result of the study of the collated views of Europe. Here would be a vitally important task for which the League was designed and which no other body could accomplish. The result of its studies and collation might prove one day the World's Charter of Peace. To invite the League to-day to achieve success in full and public session of the delegates of forty nations is to invite the League to drink a cup of hemlock.

WHEN SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

—I do not consider that those know-all newspapers which have relieved the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the troublesome business of Budget-making have done good service to their readers, to the taxpayer, or to the country—let alone to the Government. Drunk with the heady wine of an unprecedented and unforeseen surplus, these journals have decided to:

(a) Take 1s. or 6d. off Income Tax.
(b) Restore all the 1931 economy cuts.
(c) Restore unemployment benefit to the early 1931 level.
(d) Offer a choice variety of other plums to all classes.

As a result, Mr. Chamberlain has (perhaps) hardened his heart, disgruntled at finding the wind of generosity taken from his sails. Conscious that he cannot hope to make a third of the concessions promised for him, he is seriously considering folding his hands and allowing his surplus automatically to go to reduction of the National Debt, as by law it should. More than this, America has pricked up her ears at our halloos of triumph and is feeling that token payments are becoming an anomaly; and gentlemen like Mr. Alexander are openly announcing Labour's unalterable conviction that England is playing a shameful game in defaulting on her just debts to a foreign country. The result of this journalistic exuberance is to ensure a majority of disappointed hopes of Mr. Chamberlain's coming Budget. If ever the gift of silence was truly golden, it is on the subject of our surplus of hardly-earned gold.

NEW HOPE ON CLYDESIDE: Mr. Hugh Ronald, for thirty-four years gate-keeper at Messrs. John Brown's shipbuilding yards, who opened the gates last week for the 400 men who restarted work on the giant Cunarder

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.—

John Brown's body—the giant Cunarder—no longer lies a-mouldering in the grave at Clydebank. Eight hundred men—heralding ten times that number—are already scrambling about the skeleton at Messrs. John Brown's. And among the recorded improvements in employment in vital industries even ship-building generally is included. For the rest, the building trade heads the list and is unlikely to lose its position for some time to come. Tailoring is another which with the season ahead should go better still, and the same applies to hotels and restaurants. Of the heavies, iron and steel, engineering, and motor cars all show improving employment figures, and only the wool textile industry continues to show no improvement. The general figures are surely deserving of wide publicity. The horrid monster has had its limbs lopped to the tune of 600,000 in the past twelve months, a much better criterion of improving conditions than any spectacular monthly increase, with its "seasonal" implications. Who is Jack the giant killer? Since we cannot exactly identify him, can we object to the Government in power claiming to be Jack? On the contrary, we wish the National Government would employ its full lung power to boost its achievement from the minarets.

THE AUTHOR OF "LIBEL."

—It is very seldom that a good memory for faces is joined to a good memory for names. I never forget a face and never remember a name. On the whole I think one gets more interest from life

TRUMPET-MAJOR JACKSON of the King's Royal Hussars, who is a cavalry recruiting officer, is seen wearing the full regimental uniform for the first time since the start of the War

by remembering names. It was not to be expected that the name of "Ward Dorane" would arouse sleeping memories in even a dozen breasts, it being an anagrammatic nom de plume. And when the veil was lifted and Edward Wooll stood revealed as the author of *Libel* and the coiner of the pen-name, my sleeping dog of a memory still lay dormant. But on another page a portrait of Edward Wooll appeared and memory woke up and barked. Even the full-bottomed wig of a Recorder did not disguise that face-from-my-dim-past. This was Captain Wooll of the Cavalry Corps. My thoughts surged back to (was it?) Auxi-le-Château and that curiously mixed and enormous staff of experts which surrounded General Kavanagh commanding the Cavalry Corps during the latter part of the Great War. All contributed something to the limited ration of piquancy and interest which can be derived from a military organization under active service conditions, but none more than Captain Wooll of the Judge Advocate's department (unless it was that talented actor, Laurence Anderson, of the Vaudeville and "shows" department). Captain Wooll's bone-dry humour and cynical and yet humane outlook on life and comments on men were a welcome relief from the boredom of war, and the jealousies and grouses of the first time proof of a quite unforeseen objection to this desirable reform. A group of dear little urchins were at work with pencils and knives defacing the names on those sign-posts, now at last brought down to a convenient altitude for the attentions of naughty little boys, and for the exercise of native humour. "Ha, ha!" laughed Satan, curling his forked tail triumphantly over his head, "none of you guys thought of that." Satan is quite right. None of us poor guys did foresee this inevitable objection to our clever device.

PITY THE POOR FARMER.

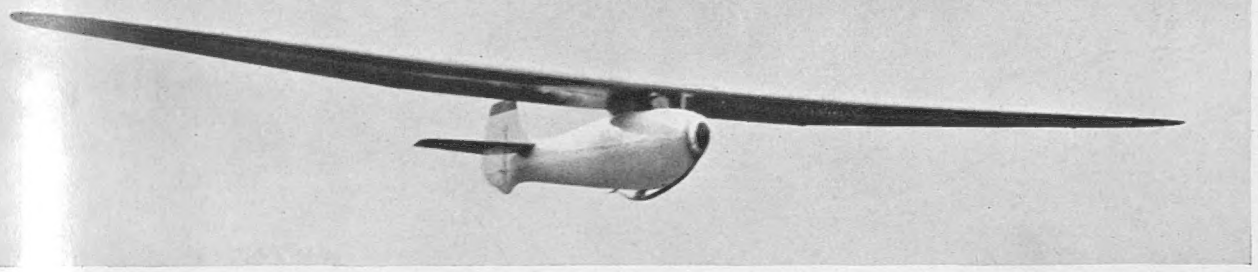
—Pity the poor farmer! It is not often that I venture into the agricultural field, for it is fraught with pitfalls for an ignoramus, and there is always the chance of a bull rushing out. Next August, by the way, every bull in England of ten months old or over, will have been inspected, and those which are vetted fit for eugenic breeding will have been tattooed with a crown on the ear. It is but one instance of the nationalization on socialistic lines of our oldest and most vital industry. The Milk Marketing Board is another. Verily, the poor farmer to-day is nothing but a black-coated clerk, a filler-up of forms. He cannot lift a turnip from the field or an egg from beside the haystack without the intricacy of the agricultural problem which faces us. But it follows that the British farmer employs the few moments he can spare from his desk and his forms voicing his grievances in the columns of his local paper.

THE CURSE OF EUGENE ARAM.

—The foulest murder in the history of our "civilization" still cries its condemnation from the housetops. The body refuses to lie in the grave, and civilized man, the murderer, even now after twenty years has no rest. The unused stock of poison gas, left over from the War, has ever since been a curse and a terror to the unfortunate city of Cologne. The authorities tried to bury it, in the sea, in clay, in concrete, in coffins, twenty foot, three-foot, deep. It was no good. The spirit of that dreadful thing rose and terrified them, awaking a morbid imagination of poetic justice almost beyond conception. The sea would give back poisoned food, the percolation of the obscene poison through the earth would contaminate the wells and send death down the water-pipes. Dreadful exhalations would arise and kill, mingled in the morning mist. All the devices of science (repeatedly tried) cannot kill the memory of that nameless crime. It shall not die, it shall not die! So the area where the Golgotha and the graveyard is haunted and deserted. And yet in our wisdom we affect to despise the old nursery maxims and village moral legends. How laughable, how dreadfully interesting! What may come in the next thirty years to adjust our views of the utility, the expediency, the credit and debit balance from the employment of that form of frightfulness?

HOLIDAY AIR-FLIGHTS AT HINDHEAD.

—Residents in the Hindhead-Haslemere area are still keeping alive the bitter memories of Easter. During those four days a flat field mid-way between these two towns was turned into an aerodrome, and life was made utterly intolerable during the whole holiday for people living in scores of houses round. At two-minute intervals, all four days, aeroplanes skimmed 150 ft. above these houses (and of course the church during services) with a deafening roar, and after an hour or so of the intolerable din the wretched owners and their guests abandoned the attempt to sit or work in their gardens and went indoors, or escaped by car from the plague spot. From this tyranny there was no redress. Permission had been granted, the peace of the residents had been sacrificed to the pleasure of the tripper, not for one or two, but for all four days of the holiday. That, I think, is the only just complaint one may entertain in these days. "All four days" was to make the triumphs of democracy and science a little too blatant. Let readers take warning. If noise is intolerable to them, let them avoid this particular area at Easter and other holiday times, if they have not first satisfied themselves that the nuisance is not to be repeated. It is no isolated event here. Take my tip. While Hindhead is being rendered air-minded, Hindhead is hell. Keep away. I wonder if the Air Ministry clerk who signed the permit had any idea of how much misery he was bringing on scores of people who had earned their holiday?



TOWED ACROSS THE CHANNEL: The Rhon Buzzard glider in which Miss Joan Meakin was towed last week from Ostend, Belgium, to Heston, Middlesex. She looped the loop seven times before landing

THE GLIDER GIRL ARRIVES: Miss Joan Meakin with the two pilots who towed her from Ostend

the high officials. We often rode out together somewhere in France and, as I now remember, we must in those talks have qualified ourselves to write as experts on the law of libel and slander.

MORRIS MOTORS SET-BACK.

—The set-back in Morris Motors, revealed in the publication of last year's results, is more startling than significant. The company's liquid position is enormously strong, with cash and gilt-edged securities valued at £5,000,000 sterling. Nor do the figures indicate any reduction in trading or future orders. Rather, the apparently disappointing results reflect the healthy state of the motoring industry, in that it has enabled many competitors to increase their output and secure some of the markets of what we had come to regard with pride as almost a monopoly in particular spheres of the industry. I suppose the acknowledged fickleness of public taste in motor car buying is a good thing for car-users. *Varium et mutabile semper femina*—and, of course, it is to women that all motor-car advertisement is directed. This fickleness stimulates the search after perfection, and year by year gives the buyer better and better value for money. Myself, I have long been an obstinate Morris-man, and I shall remain so, if (as I believe it already has done) the temporary set-back persuades Lord Nuffield's great organization to expend those last few shillings that go to the cost of each car on *finish* of essentials and not on finnicky gadgets to catch the flat and the flapper.

OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN.

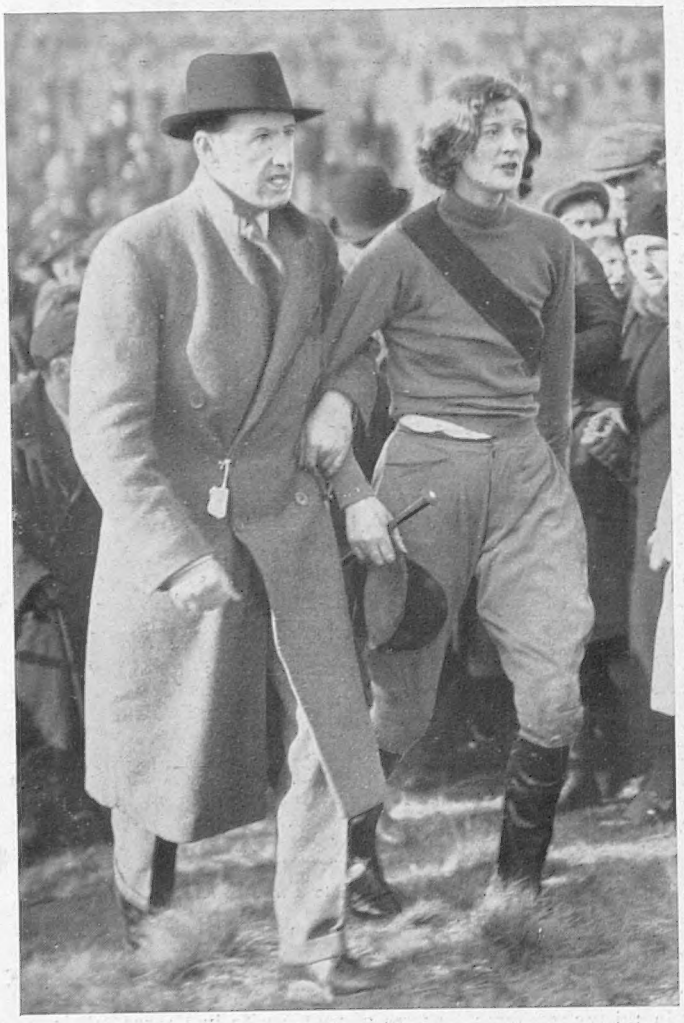
—In so many of our efforts to repair our mistakes or reform our systems we perforce fall out of the frying-pan into the fire. For some years it has been pointed out that road signs and direction posts were set too high for motorists, especially when driving at night, and now in many parts of England these signs have been lowered to a convenient height at which they are instantly illumined by car lamps and easily read. Yesterday I observed for filling-in and despatching a form. The price of milk throughout the country is decided, when distributors and manufacturers cannot agree, by a board of three "appointed persons," who were chosen mainly for their total lack of experience of milk production and distribution; they are: a K.C., an industrialist, and a chartered accountant. In a word, they are invited to decide this vital and controversial point, unbiased by any knowledge of the actual workings of different branches of the industry. Called on to make the decisions for the period April to September next, they have fixed the regional prices of ungraded milk lower than anyone expected. So much so that leading distributors, themselves, shocked by the hardship to the producers, are endeavouring by means of concessions in collection rates, to adjust the price to a more equitable compromise. It is an extraordinary situation, and one which reveals the dangers of abrogating the ancient laws of supply and demand in an endeavour to save the industry of agriculture. It is not suggested that agriculture could save itself without legislation. These socialistic experiments have been forced upon the country and the whole elaborate machinery of fussiness and forms is quite inevitable. For example:—New Zealand butter is sold in this country at a price which represents a dead loss to the producer, and at a price which absolutely kills all hope of British competition. When the Ottawa Agreement lapses one would say that this injustice should be instantly removed. But what would be the result? New Zealand has no other means of paying her debts on service of loans to this country, and if she may not thus ruin the British dairy farmer she must default on her loans. It is one hint at

body now lies has perforce been evacuated. For the revolution of three decades no human foot must walk on Wahner Moor, the largest "lung" of Cologne's fair city. Perhaps in thirty years more Heaven will suffer the crime to be blotted out and will give a final quittance? Wahner Moor meanwhile is

THE OLD STAGER

FROM SEASIDE AND COUNTRYSIDE

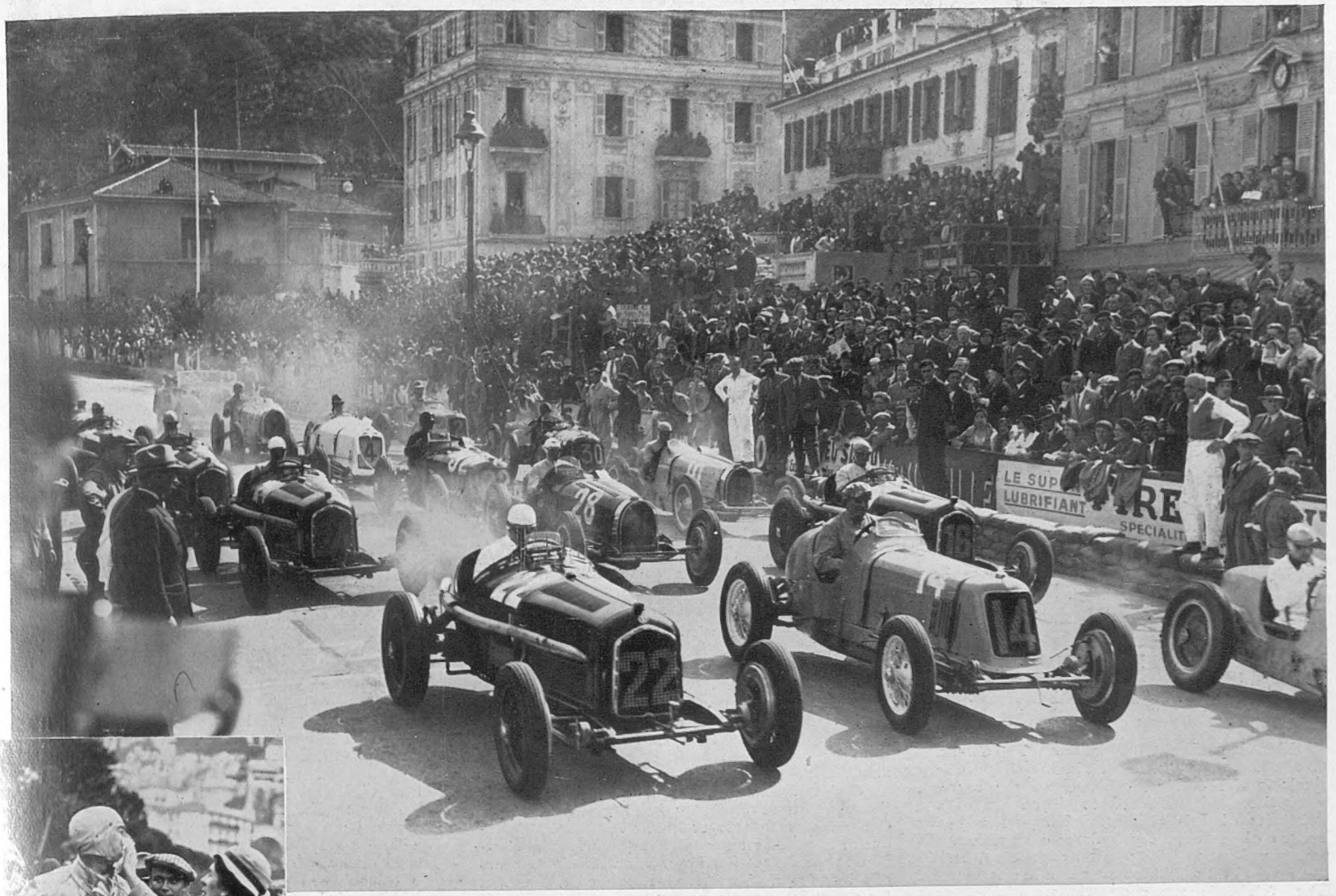
——THREE RAN: A delightful picture taken at Ramsgate, where the donkeys have now made their appearance on the sands. It will not be long before they begin work in earnest



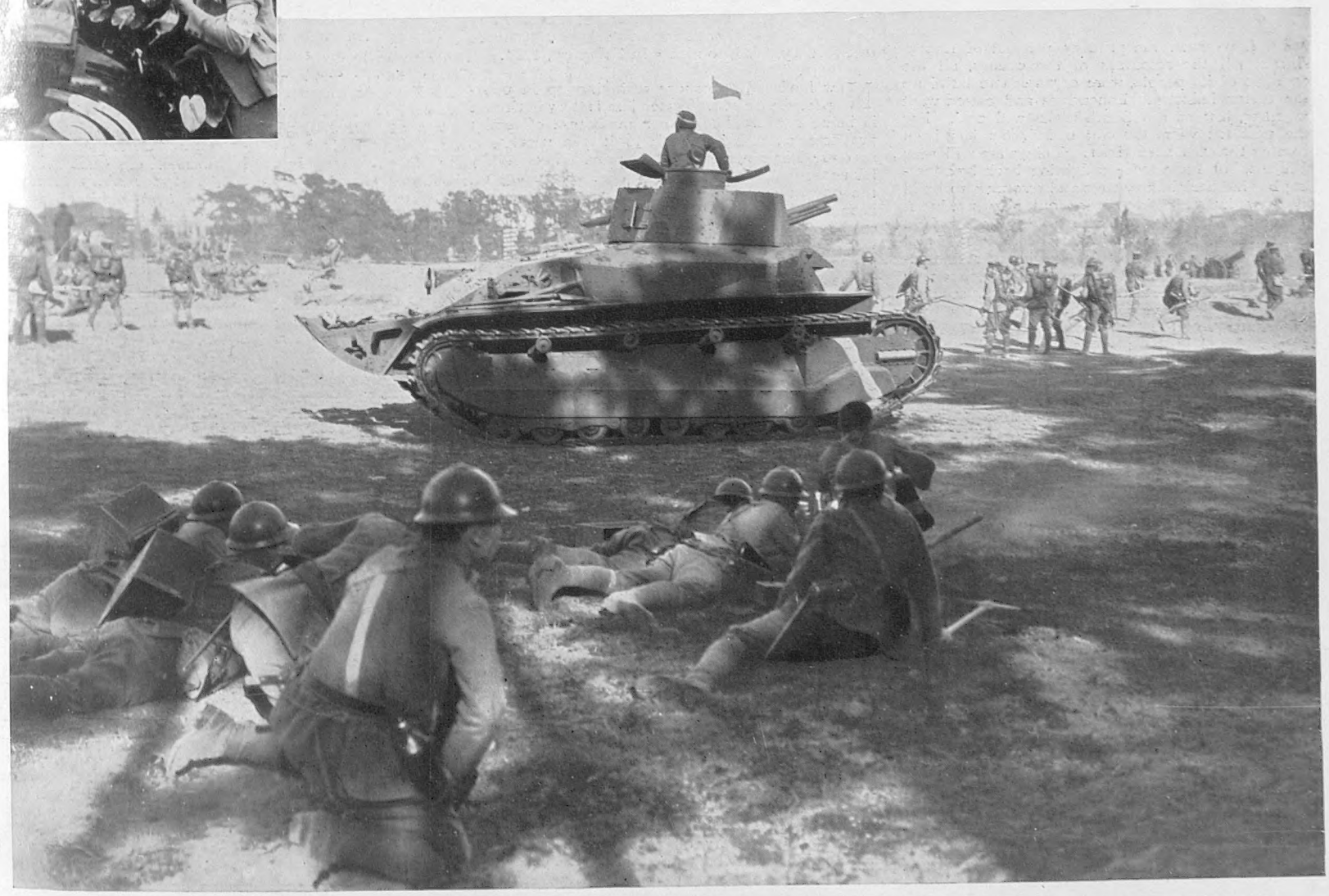
LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY being assisted by her husband after a fall in the Ladies Race at the Holcombe Harriers' point-to-point

DITCHED: Rescuing Major W. O. Lay's Penhoe after the horse had failed to clear a stiff obstacle during the North Down Harriers' point-to-point at Comber, County Down

MOTOR RACING in the STREETS of MONTE CARLO



THE START OF THE GRAND PRIX DE MONACO which was won by Guy Moll (*inset*) in an 8-cylinder Alfa Romeo. The winner, who returned the comparatively slow time of 3 hours 31 min., profited to a certain extent from the mistakes of others. Louis Chiron, for instance, who won the race in 1931, led until near the end, when he had the misfortune to hit one of the sandbags in the Place du Casino, while Lord Howe, the leading British competitor, was handicapped by plug trouble

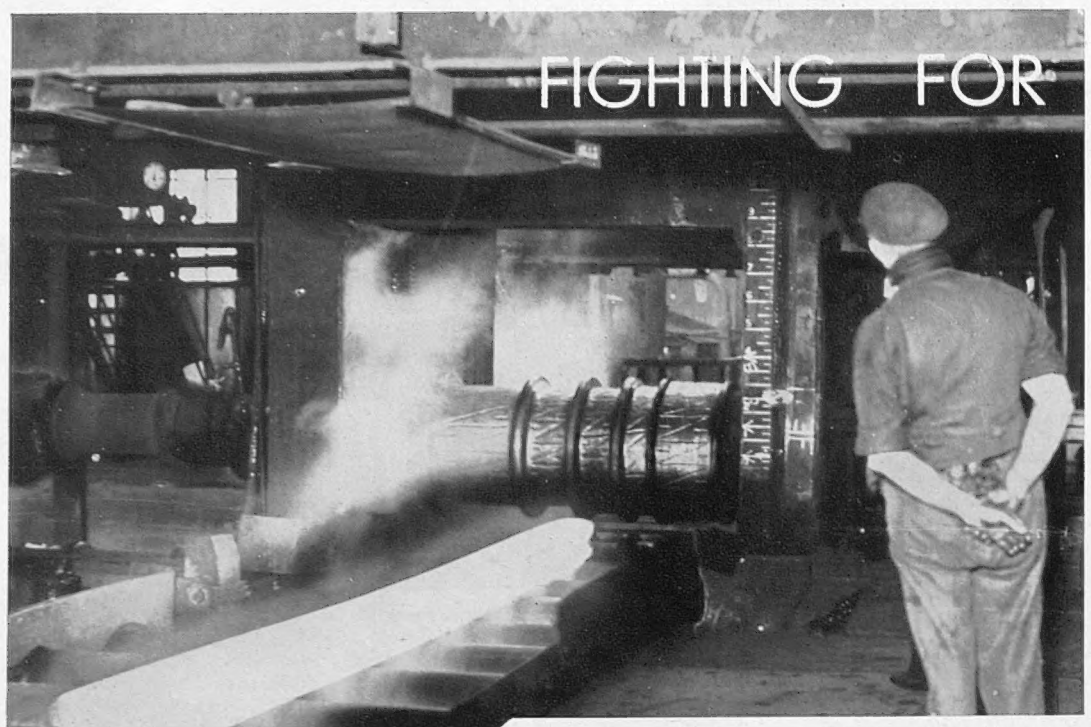


ARMY DAY IN JAPAN: This important annual event was celebrated in Tokyo last month when a mimic battle was held on the Yoyogi parade ground. In this picture a tank is seen going into action. Though we hear much in this country of Japan's Navy, she is by no means neglecting her Army, upon which she spent last year over £1,000,000 more than Britain

FIGHTING FOR NEW MARKETS

Britain's Adaptable Industrialists

By J. BAKER WHITE



TARIFFS THAT HAVE MADE WORK: Since the imposition of new duties the production of pig-iron and steel in this country has, according to Mr. Hore-Belisha, increased by 40 per cent. This picture shows red-hot metal passing through a rolling mill

It must have been very difficult for anyone to have visited the British Industries Fair this year and come away anything but enthusiastic and hopeful about the future of British industry. Along every foot of the 32 miles of stands at Olympia, the White City, and Castle Bromwich, there was, in the shape of new products and designs, evidence of the courage, enterprise, and resistance to depression of the industries of this country. Carrying a heavy burden of taxation, facing fierce competition, and emerging from a period of acute depression, Britain put up the best exhibition ever seen in this country. The B.I.F. is the shop window of industry; behind it, and the orders that have resulted from it, is a remarkable story of how old industries are producing new products, and of how the contraction in the demand for certain goods is being met by establishing new undertakings. It is the story of the changing face of British industry.

Ever since the Industrial Revolution cotton goods have been the primary product of Lancashire. All the resources of the county, all the energies of its people, were organized to build up the cotton industry. Lancashire and cotton went together, just as did South Wales and coal. For the past ten years the cotton industry has been passing through hard times. Things are still very difficult, but Lancashire is fighting back by adapting her industrial knowledge and resources to build up new industries and turn out new products. Take, for example, the case of the Audley Hall Mills at Blackburn, which started work in 1875 and became some of the most famous in the cotton industry. Depression hit them very hard, but now they are being re-started under a novel scheme. The three mills have been purchased from a fund to which 130 of the former operatives have contributed. No. 1 Mill has been sold and split up into sections for use by various small industries; No. 3 has been sold to a firm of motor engineers; No. 2 Mill has been retained, and 940 looms will be devoted to producing a wide variety of new fabrics.

Lancashire is also paying attention to the production of woollen goods instead of cotton. A Belgian syndicate has purchased a large cotton mill at Rochdale, and is converting it for producing worsted yarns. This should mean work for something like a thousand of "King Cotton's" idle subjects. The same syndicate has purchased the Castleton Moor Cotton Mill at Rochdale, is stripping and re-equipping it for the manufacture of heavy woollens. Here again former cotton operatives are being trained for the new industry.

Nor are these isolated examples of new products replacing cotton. At Droylsden a closed mill is being converted for producing artificial silk dress goods. At Reddish refrigerators are being made in what was formerly a wire-rope works, and a former cotton mill is being turned into a factory for the manufacture of soft furnishings and trimmings, a new and flourishing industry for Britain, already capturing trade from French and German manufacturers. At Clayton-le-Moors an old cotton mill has been taken over by a firm of chemical manufacturers.

In Northumberland and Durham, the counties of coal and ships and so the hardest hit of all industrial areas, new industries are coming into being. If you go to Billingham-on-Tees you can see plenty of evidence of the progress that is being made in the construction of the plant that is to produce oil and petrol from coal. In the constructional period, which will last about a year, it is expected to provide direct employment for 7,000 men and indirect employment for another 5,000, while about £1,000,000 worth of steel will be required. It is expected, when in full operation, to turn out 213,000 tons of petrol a year and use about 850,000 tons of coal, mainly from Durham.

On Teeside also a plant is being established for the manufacture of paint and cellulose, an industry entirely new to this district. Another new industry has been set up at Capheaton in Northumberland in the shape of a fox ranch with eighty pairs of silver foxes. The North-East Coast is still a long way from recovery, but there are some small signs of improvement. In February, 1933, the area had fifteen furnaces in blast. In the same month of this year it had twenty-four, and when the figure for the end of last month is available it is likely to be twenty-eight. This improvement is reflected over the country as a whole, for the number of furnaces in blast increased from sixty-three in February, 1933, to ninety in February, 1934.

New food industries are springing up in unexpected places. A former jam factory in Cardiff is being converted for the manufacture of health products on a big scale, and if the venture is successful employment will be provided eventually for between 2,000 and 3,000 people. At Liverpool, the city of ships, a factory for canning peas has been established and Lancashire farmers have been asked to grow 300 acres of peas for canning this year. Clitheroe has a new industry, in premises formerly used as a working-men's club, in the shape of a milk factory, dealing with 4,000 gallons a day from local farmers. At Droylsden a former cotton mill is being converted into a chocolate factory; at Stockport large factory buildings are now being used for ripening bananas by artificial light and heat; and at Worcester a new factory has been opened for the manufacture of open-top cans for use in canning fruit and vegetables from the surrounding district. The machinery installed is capable of turning out 40,000 cans per hour.

Here are some facts and figures that tell a striking story. The number of unemployed in Cheshire decreased by nearly 14,000 in 1933, due to the revival in engineering and to the fact that some forty new industries have been established in the county in the past two years. In Birmingham some twenty firms are extending their works at the present time; this building activity is reflected in an increase of over 11 per cent. in the number of operatives in the city employed in the building trade. Birmingham is now manufacturing marcasite jewellery—the bulk of it was imported until recently—and one firm has increased its wages bill by 100 per cent. in the past twelve months. In Salford a housing scheme, involving the expenditure of £60,000 by a private firm, is in progress, and in the docks area two 110-ft. grain stores are being built at a cost of £15,000. At the Vulcan Foundry at Newton-le-Willows orders have been received for fifty mixed traffic locomotives for a British railway company and for a large number of locomotive boilers for India.

That is the story of British industry, and it is something of which the nation can be justly proud. These developments are the fruit of courage in adversity, and nowhere is that courage more apparent than in South Wales. For the past five years "expert" after "expert" has predicted that South Wales must face the fact that it had entered upon an industrial decline from which there is no real recovery. To-day the Welsh are throwing their answer back in the teeth of these "experts." Cardiff has spent £25,000 on an airport, and air services are to be developed widely this year. As the result of ten years' study of the problem a scheme, estimated to cost £1,500,000, has been put up to drain off the water that has collected in old colliery workings and become a danger to productive pits. The Ocean Colliery at Treharris has just spent £20,000 on new pithead baths and an electric boot-cleaning machine. Caerau Colliery has reopened after two years, owing to the discovery of a new seam, and work for 400 miners will be found for the same reason at a new colliery at Clydach. Milford is developing its fishing industry, and recently 1,000,000 herrings were landed there in one day from thirteen drifters.

In Monmouth, which industrially is part of Wales, developments are also on foot. For the first time for over a year Newport is shipping coal to Italy, and coke is again being sold to Jugoslavia, in spite of keen German competition. Newport has started on a £150,000 scheme for rebuilding a whole street. And, most significant of all, Cathays Park at Cardiff is to be the scene in May of South Wales' own Industries Fair. Organized by the Industrial Development Council, it is to be the biggest display of local products ever attempted, and it is estimated that some 400 exhibits will be on view. The "experts" who predicted the industrial demise of Wales had better go to it.

Railway traffics are up: so are retail sales and daily postal receipts. Factory sites on the Great West Road are selling briskly.

The clouds are breaking. In 1931 our adverse trade balance was £408,400,000; in 1932 it was £287,500,000. Last year it was £264,000,000. In other words, we are £144,000,000 nearer to economic recovery than we were in 1931. We are still too close to 1933 to realize the significance of that year to Britain, but when the economic history of this half-century comes to be written it will be distinguished as the year in which Britain turned the corner. And 1934 may well prove to be the year in which people dared to speak once again, without sarcasm, of the possibility of prosperity returning to Britain.

SOUTHAMPTON PROVIDES WORK FOR THE STEEL INDUSTRY: One of the giant cranes recently erected beside the new graving dock

News from Europe

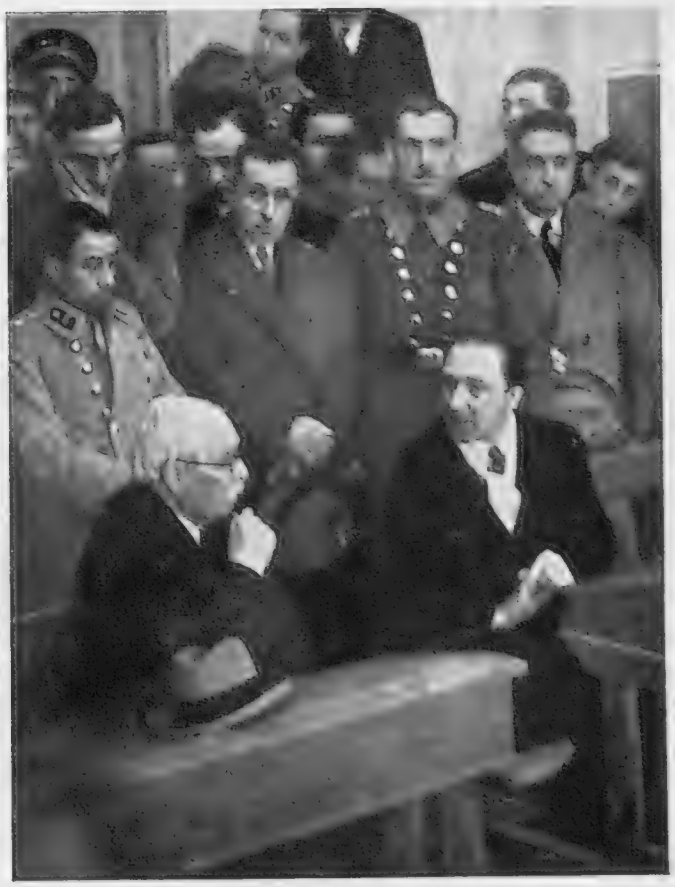
BELGIAN WAR VETERANS PAY HOMAGE TO THEIR LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: Members of the Old Comrades' Association marching to Laeken Church, near Brussels, where they attended a requiem mass for King Albert on Sunday, April 8. This would have been the late King's fifty-ninth birthday

FOR SERVICES RENDERED: Lord Tyrrell acknowledging a presentation from British residents in Paris in recognition of his work as Ambassador during the past five years. Standing on his left is his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Holman

THE HUNTED FINANCIER: Members of the Turkish Tribunal who examined Mr. Samuel Insull, the Chicago ex-millionaire, prior to the Turkish Government making its decision to extradite him

IN THE LAW'S CLUTCHES: Mr. Martin Insull, brother of Mr. Samuel Insull, seen on his arrival in Detroit after his extradition from Canada. He, also, will face charges of fraud

THE ISLAND BANDIT: Spada, the Corsican desperado, being brought ashore at Marseilles. It is believed that he is suffering from religious mania, and accordingly he is being placed under medical observation



FIGHTING AGAINST EXTRADITION: Another picture of Mr. Samuel Insull (left) taken during the hearing of his case in Constantinople. It seems almost certain that, eventually, he will have to stand his trial in Chicago

WHAT OTHER PEOPLE ARE DOING

MISS WINIFRED DRINKWATER, the youngest woman commercial air pilot of Midland and Scottish Airways, who demonstrated at last week's inauguration of the new Glasgow, Liverpool, Belfast, and London air service at Speke Airport, Liverpool

MASTER OF THE KING'S MUSICK: Sir Walford Davies who has been appointed in succession to the late Sir Edward Elgar. *Above right*—Victor Ottley, a fourteen-year-old London boy, who made his first solo flight at Abridge Aerodrome, Essex, after receiving only five hours' flying instruction

MASTER DAVID PRICE HAIG in the eighteenth-century uniform of an officer of the Cameron Highlanders which he wore at a dress parade held at Inverness in aid of charity

PRINCE AND PRINCESS KAYA, who recently attended an official farewell function at Kiyozumi Park, Tokyo, before leaving on an eight-months' world tour. They are members of the Japanese Imperial family

STARS MEET: Mrs. Herbert Marshall (Edna Best) with her baby daughter Sarah, and Miss Tallulah Bankhead, who recently returned from America on the *Bremen*. Miss Bankhead has made several films in Hollywood

FULFILLING A PACT MADE TWENTY YEARS AGO: Mr. Victor Scoble, Mr. William Heale, Mr. A. G. Saunders, and the Rev. J. B. Goodenough who, when they were working in the Post Office Engineering Department in 1914, agreed to meet in April, 1934. The gathering took place at the Cheshire Cheese last week

MR. REGINALD AKROYD, who has just returned from Central Africa, where he collected vegetation to provide a natural setting for a group of gorillas which is being arranged in the Natural History Museum, South Kensington

DUKAR : THE GODDESS OF PLENTY

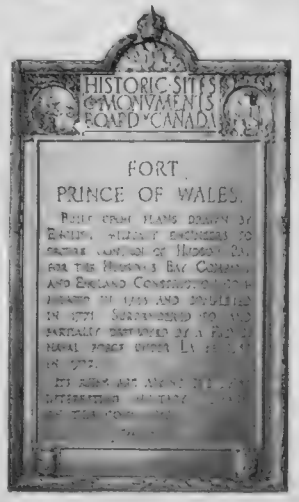
A Remarkable Figure with a Thousand Heads, a Thousand Arms, and a Thousand Feet

This figure of the Tibetan goddess, Dukar, stands in the Buddhist Monastery of Sankar which lies in the Indus Valley near the western border of Tibet. It is enthroned on an altar surrounded by a number of smaller gods and demons, and is made of plaster which is painted over in bright colours. The figure is by no means old, having been placed in position by the lamas about eight years ago, but is clearly the work of expert craftsmen. Piled above the principal head are a thousand heads, each with three eyes, which indicate the goddess's ability to see into the occult world, while the body and arms are also covered with eyes in order to show that nothing in the cycle of existence is hidden from her. A thousand arms, which radiate from her shoulders rather in the manner of a halo, are symbolic of the influence for good which she can wield over mankind. Under her thousand feet the souls of men and animals are crushed in torment

PORT CHURCHILL

The New Port on the Hudson Bay which Brings the Canadian Prairies into Closer Touch with Britain

THE RUINS OF FORT PRINCE OF WALES: This fort, which was built between 1733 and 1771, assisted the Hudson Bay Company in securing control of Hudson Bay. The ruins stand on a promontory near Port Churchill



THE COMMEMORATIVE TABLET PLACED ON THE WALLS OF FORT PRINCE OF WALES by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada

FROM THE AIR: A general view of old Fort Prince of Wales now in ruins

In 1668 that adventurous gentleman, Prince Rupert, unwittingly made history by boarding the *Nonsuch*, a vessel of 50 tons moored in the Thames, and in its captain's cabin drinking success to the voyage it was about to undertake.

His good wishes were fulfilled, for the boat crossed the Atlantic, groped successfully for the entrance to the bay in which poor Hudson had lost his life fifty-eight years previously, passed through to the southern shore, and exchanged trinkets and gew-gaws for furs brought from the hinterland by Indians.

The deal was an important one, for so splendid were the skins that a few years later a charter company, bearing the illustrious title of "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay," was formed in order to place the fur trade on a regular commercial footing.

With Rupert's toast, therefore, the long and colourful history of the opening-up of Northern Canada may be said to have begun.

Now another event of comparable significance is taking place. Port Churchill, the young maritime town through which the products of the prairies may be destined to pass to this country through the same waters as were ploughed by Hudson and by the gallant little *Nonsuch*, is preparing for its last and greatest test.

Goods have actually passed in and out of Churchill for several seasons, but until now the route has been definitely experimental. This year sees the inauguration of a new epoch—the entry of Churchill into Imperial affairs as a normal trading port, with ships coming and going with the casualness of long familiarity and with the thousand ramifications of established shipping practice operating smoothly in offices and factories both in Canada and the Old Country.

The looked-for success of the 1934 season, which opens in August, but for which preparations are now being made on an elaborate scale, will vindicate one of the greatest acts of faith ever undertaken by Canadians.

They have translated a cartographical theory into a commercial fact.

"Why," they asked themselves in effect, "should not ships sail regularly between Britain and Hudson Bay? The route actually cuts down by several hundreds of miles the distance from the prairies to Liverpool. That it is feasible was, moreover, abundantly proved by Hudson, the *Nonsuch*, and by the Earl of Selkirk who dispatched the first group of British settlers to Western Canada by way of the bay in 1812."

The query having been evolved, Canada set about answering it in the affirmative.

At first the difficulties seemed insurmountable. There had been a trading post at Churchill for several generations, but it was small and remote and ill-equipped to act as a major seaport. The country separating the shores of the bay from the railways to the south was, moreover, treacherous and unmapped in any detail, although its mineral and other natural resources were believed to be very great. The waters of the bay, too, were virtually unknown and were rendered dangerous by ice, while, to crown all, the season of navigation through Hudson Straits themselves could last for only three or four months each autumn.

Canadian prairie farmers, however, were not so easily to be stripped of their visions of a short cut to the Old Country for their products. They inspired the planning of the first step—the epic feat of constructing a railway from The Pas, Manitoba, which the railroad had already reached, to the shores of the bay.

Nelson, another trading post not far from Churchill, was originally chosen as the site of the port, and towards that objective the railroad builders began, just before the War, to drive the lines of steel. It was a distance of 500 miles over strange country, criss-crossed with swamps in summer and exposed and desolate in winter. Between 1914 and 1926 nothing more was done, but in the latter year the work was resumed.

Sometimes the rails had to be laid on rafts, sometimes on embankments, sometimes on frozen muskeg, the foundations being inserted when the thaw set in. It was a grim battle, but slowly the toilers triumphed. Food and supplies were brought by the railway as it was laid, but occasionally aeroplanes had to be used, and as guides for the pilots blankets were laid out on the ground.

Nature was not the only antagonist the bay enthusiasts had to contend with. Their critics were numerous, they were taunted with being either political propagandists or childlike visionaries; in either event they were wasting precious public money. Then, too, there were the port experts who were of opinion that Nelson was unsuitable—and they were right. The railway had struggled to within 90 miles of Nelson when Sir Frederick Palmer, the famous British expert, ended the discussion by giving his verdict for Churchill. The line was, therefore, turned due north at an acute angle and, with great labour and patience and no little expense, the equipment which had been assembled at Nelson was transferred to its successful rival.

Meanwhile the Government have been looking carefully into the question of the navigation of the bay itself, and all praise is due to the thoroughness with which this vast stretch of water, covering an area of over half-a-million square miles, has been tamed.

PORT CHURCHILL AS IT WAS IN 1931 when the first experimental shipments of grain were made to Liverpool and London

The bay and its moods are still regarded with a touch of suspicion by underwriters; but not only is the cost of the transport of, say, prairie cattle less than their despatch through Montreal to Liverpool, despite the higher insurance costs, but experts are convinced that as the bay route is popularized the insurance rates will progressively fall.

Churchill itself has by its own growth reflected the progress of the route and the increasing acceptance of the bay. It is, indeed, one of the Empire's model towns.

It has broad streets, a fine central square, a hotel and shops, boulevards, parks, and well-planned approaches to the docks—a facility which not a few of our seaboard towns must envy. The port equipment itself is still being extended, but already it boasts a splendid wharf with accommodation for four vessels, one of the most up-to-date grain elevators in Canada with a capacity of 2,500,000 bushels, cattle lairages, and all the accessories of a modern sea-centre.

The cry that Churchill will detract seriously from the trade of Montreal and the other great ports to the south hardly bears examination. Eastern Canada is developing as rapidly as the prairies; the navigation season of its outlet is longer than in the case of Churchill—Halifax and St. John, indeed, are open all the year round—and each and all of them will have as much traffic as they can handle.

Churchill has its own maritime destiny to fulfil.

We believe it will become a great port. Yet only a few years ago it signified nothing save a hut or two, an ancient fort, and a link with Canada's earliest history.

J. S.

THE GREAT GRAIN ELEVATOR AT CHURCHILL which has a storage capacity of 2,500,000 bushels. *Below*—The conveyor gallery along which the grain is brought from the elevator to the wharf

Military Matters

REHEARSING FOR THE ANNUAL INSPECTION: Men of the Iraq levies on parade at Hinaidi Camp near Baghdad. These levies were formed in 1919 to act as frontier guards, but since 1932 have been engaged in protecting the Royal Air Force bases. There are eight companies made up of Assyrians, Arabs, and Kurds, and the total strength of the force, which is commanded by British officers, is about 1,250

THE ITALIAN ARMY'S NEW UNIFORM which was seen for the first time at the recent celebration of the anniversary of the founding of the Italian Air Service. The principal change is in the coat, the high collar of which has been dispensed with

IN CHARGE OF THE LIGHTHORSE BRIGADE: Mr. Victor McLaglen (centre), who starred in the film, *What Price Glory*, has taken over the work of reorganizing the Californian Lighthorse Cavalry—a force consisting of Englishmen, Americans, Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders who saw mounted service in the Great War. Mr. McLaglen, who holds the rank of colonel, is seen in this picture signing the lease for new training grounds

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A FLAG WHICH MAY SOON BE HAULED DOWN: The French Tricolour flying on the building of the Mine Administration at Saarbrücken

THE FATE OF THE SAAR

The Plebiscite that Seems Certain to go in Favour of Germany

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

SAARBRÜCKEN.

"There is nothing to be done! It is in the blood!"

That was how a leading trade union official of the Saar summed up the pathetic dilemma in which this League of Nations territory increasingly finds itself as the end of the Versailles occupation draws nigh. These people, for half-a-dozen reasons, dislike, distrust, dread a change over to Nazi Germany. The bulk detects but suffering and ill in a Brownshirt absorption. Yet they are unable to resist the call of the race. They feel instinctively that they are marching towards the negation of much of what they lived for; but they can do nothing about it. They must march. There is something almost Shakespearean in the oncoming fate of the Saarlanders. Certainly no European people for a long while have been placed in such a cruel situation.

I wanted, on this visit, to forget all about high politics and cleave, if possible, to the individual daily drama that these frontier Germans are currently experiencing. As far as Hitler and his merry men are concerned, the 770,000 odd citizens of the Saar are now incorporated in the new and all-embracing German Front. There is no longer even a Saar Front—just a German Front. For Berlin, the Battle of the Saar is over and decided. Proclamations invariably end the same, with the words, "For Our Germany!" It is just a matter of time, an automatic process, before the inhabitants teem into the polling booths and opt for Hitler as one man, woman, and child. The incessant Nazi propaganda is all pitched in that key: form of drumming into the locals that everything is over bar the shouting, and that happy days of advance, in reunion with the New Germany, lie just ahead. It is rather marvellous mass suggestioning, but such light and airy dismissal of events tends to ignore that a struggle for the very soul of a people is in full process of enactment, even if its ultimate result does not leave much room for doubt.

By way of prelude, it requires to be placed on record that the system devised at the Peace Conference for running the Saar territory has been a success from the point of view of the population. Heaven knows, we haven't had many chances to applaud Versailles; let us do so all the more readily here. The administrative commission operating for Geneva, and consisting of a Frenchman, a Saarlander, and three neutrals, has throughout contrived to steer a careful and unbiased course, with the result that the Saar has experienced a minimum of trouble, industrial or other, during Europe's years of stress and turmoil. Particularly the switch over from French troops to local uniformed detachments, in 1927, was a proud feather in the Commission's cap. Trouble was freely predicted; none eventuated, and to-day the 1,600 Saar troops and police still carry on obediently to the international regime. In the same way the 12,000 Civil Servants, also drawn from the local population, have proved a success; even if a good many of them are now, at long last, suspect.

Meanwhile the French control and running of the mines have been a smooth affair—a remarkable enough circumstance if we picture hundreds of French engineers and inspectors in charge of no fewer than 72,000 men of German race. Let us be frank; the Saar has been extremely lucky until hereabouts. It experienced a maximum freedom under Republican institutions; it was not involved in reparations or in increasing taxation; its unemployment figure never rose above 3 per cent. until lately; the territory, turned geographically and economically towards France, shared in the latter country's unexampled booms and development since 1919.

It seems a pity that so favourably situated a land should not be able to continue in like good fortune and security. But that is what is evidently not allowed in the Europe of to-day. Extraneous forces decree that the Saarlanders shall be subject to all manner of risks and privations, perhaps even tyranny in the future. Already shadows are beginning to fall on many homes owing to the departing French ceasing to display their quondam interest in housing, school, and kindred conditions, while there is a fear that Berlin may in certain circumstances interrupt the further payment of its stipulated £1,500,000 a year towards the social services of the territory. The French may feel that they have drawn everything they want out of the Saar and that they can now afford to let it go hang save for the mines for which they will demand a reckoning.

A MINERS' DELEGATION at a recent meeting on the football ground at Saarbrücken. The assembly followed a match between Saar and Berlin which the latter team won by five goals to two

As for the Saarlanders, already feeling more than a little deserted by the French who had so long wooed them, they are at a loss to determine the remotest indication of an assured well-being by inclusion in Germany. They search and search for such a sign through all the organized emotion. Rather do they see possibilities of a real débâcle ahead for them.

How can they compete with Ruhr coal? They would be leaving a relatively coal-avid country for one that is amply stocked! Moreover, nearly all the iron and steel works are now French-owned and employ 30,000 bread-winners. What would become of these when France left? The Saar's iron ore comes from Lorraine and the bulk of its foodstuffs from Alsace. With the French Customs system lost, how should these two vital links be maintained? The truth is that the Saar is far more a part of Lorraine and Alsace than of anything else and that these belong to France to-day. In 1914 it may have been well enough for the Saar to have been associated with a Germany that also owned Alsace and Lorraine. But that day is no more.

And yet the Saarlanders want to go back to Germany.

They even want to go back while at the same time recognizing that they are likely (a) to see their religion tampered with and (b) their unions of organized labour torn to pieces. They have no illusions about Nazi promises to respect anything. Only the young in the Saar—some 35,000 youths mad for the Leader—cherish illusions. The bulk of the population is moving steadily forward to its fate with eyes wide open. Take the religious position. The territory is overwhelmingly Catholic (70 per cent.) and, at that, of an exceptionally devout hue. Under France they have built churches right and left. The Saar Catholics have at present no faith in the Concordat arrived at between the Vatican and Berlin. They do not believe for a moment that the Nazis intend respecting their promises to the Pope because to do so would be to break with their governing idea of the totalitarian State. These Saar Catholics, who polled 46 per cent. of the total votes cast at the last elections, are nevertheless being called by the blood into the Nazi fold. They do not know what is going to happen to their faith, or their youth organizations, or their confessional school system. Or, rather, they do know very well. "We must get used to it for the good of Germany. With deep anxiety and misgiving we shall await what happens to us."

Or consider the workers' unions, Catholic and Socialist. Under Germany the Saar's wage-earners still lived in a form of feudal system. All that has vanished since 1919. The men are now organized with the last degree of liberty in their various unions—and the Nazis, they know, have smashed all unions to smithereens. And yet the majority of the Socialists are also expected to vote for going over to Hitler. Race is too strong. German love of individual liberty pales into insignificance beside the burning Nazi summons.

It isn't as if these Socialists and Catholics have not been fully instructed concerning what they may be "in for." They know everything, of yellow books of horror, and concentration camps, of savage uprootings and murders and bestial cruelty. The Left leader in the Saar, Max Braun, has long made a point of printing extracts of what other nations have been reporting and saying about the Nazi terror.

He is a brave man, Herr Braun, and to get to him one has to pass through four locked doors. One greatly fears he will have to fly for his life in the not distant future. Tens of thousands in the Saar stand in fear of the "powerful reckoning" that has been promised all who do not further the Nazi cause. There will certainly be a big and sudden exodus towards the West one day. The Saar is full of Jewish refugees who have already flown once from the Brownshirts. Going by what happened to Socialists, Communists, and even Moderates in the Third Reich, this Jewish flight will be reinforced by masses of others and, presumably, by their wives and children; because on this occasion it should be possible to organize departure somewhat. But perhaps it is as well not to dwell on this aspect at this stage.

Just now the territory is honeycombed by hidden ears. Boycott, bullying, denunciation, intimidation are the order of the day. An unholy fear prevails in wide circles regarding what to do.

(Continued on p. 84)

THE SPREAD OF GERMAN CULTURE IN THE SAAR: A travelling library for the use of the miners and their families

A FOREIGN SURVEY

A FAMOUS MILITARY ENGAGEMENT RECALLED: The Japanese Emperor standing during the toasting of the victory of the Battle of Mukden at the dinner held recently in Tokyo to celebrate the twenty-ninth anniversary of the event. On the Emperor's left is the Chief of the General Staff. [The final engagement at Mukden took place on March 10, 1905, and resulted in the Japanese forcing the Russian troops to retreat northward. Both sides sustained heavy losses]

ADMIRAL MINEO OSUMI, Japanese Naval Minister, presenting Captain Ole Jorgensen, skipper of the freighter, *Tai Yang*, with a trophy in the form of bronze doves as an appreciation of his services in rescuing five Japanese Air Force officers in the Pacific in August of last year

PRINCE SCHONBURG-HARTENSTEIN, Austrian Minister of Territorial Defence, on his way to the church of the Capuchin Monks, Vienna, to attend the memorial service organized by the Monarchist League to mark the twelfth anniversary of the death of the Emperor Charles. The ceremony was, significantly, more elaborate than any that had gone before. Charles was a grand-nephew of Francis Joseph and was Emperor of Austria-Hungary from 1916 to 1918

SOLVING THE KREUGER RIDDLE: Mr. Robert Kindersley, a Director of the Bank of England; Mr. Norman Davis, representing American interests; and Mr. Jacob Wallenberg, who are serving on the committee appointed to look into the affairs of Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish Match King, whose astounding financial irregularities were revealed after his suicide

WINTER IN THE SUDAN: While reports of frosts, snowstorms, and blizzards were being broadcast in England, members of the Wad Shair Club of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate, Blue Nile Province, attended their annual dance in the open air. Dancing took place on one of the club's cement tennis courts

THE ACADEMY OF MOTION PICTURE ARTS AND SCIENCES announced their awards for 1933 at a dinner held at the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, last month. Katharine Hepburn was adjudged the outstanding actress of the year, and Charles Laughton the most notable actor. *Left*—Will Rogers, Master of the Ceremonies, presenting Franklin Hansen with the award for the best sound recording. *Right*—Herbert Marshall, Norma Shearer, and Clark Gable at the dinner

THE MAJESTIC SWEEP OF RENNIE'S ARCHES: If Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's design for the new Waterloo Bridge is finally accepted, Rennie's famous structure will disappear. It from this picture why lovers of the artistic have striven so hard to prevent the bridge's demolition

SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT'S DESIGN FOR A NEW WATERLOO BRIDGE which has been recommended by the London County Council. The massive concrete towers are a notable feature of the design, but the somewhat insignificant buttresses between the arches are in striking contrast to the more boldly conceived work of Rennie. *Right*—AT THE NORTHERN END OF WATERLOO BRIDGE: One of Rennie's magnificent flanking archways which will disappear if Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's design is accepted

THE SPHERE has from time to time kept its readers abreast of matters dealing with Waterloo Bridge. A detailed description of the condition of the existing Rennie bridge was given in a recent issue, and here we deal wholly from the æsthetic point of view and seek to give our readers the opportunity of deciding whether they think the new design fostered by the Labour L.C.C. justifies the destruction of the existing structure. Some time ago Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A., drew up, at the request of the old L.C.C., a design for a new bridge. This project was submitted to Parliament, but was rejected in favour of a scheme which would preserve the old bridge and at the same time widen its upper surface by corbelling, as in the case of London Bridge some years ago.

The new Labour L.C.C. has revived the whole question by assuming a mandate for rebuilding the bridge, and has resurrected Sir Giles's design with official commendation. The Council's leader opines that the highest tribute to Rennie is to allow another great architect to replace the old bridge with something which would accord with the modern buildings recently erected on the northern bank of the river. This opinion might hold weight if one could feel confident of getting something worthy to replace what is held by so many to be a masterpiece. Genius is not always on tap, and masterpieces of art and architecture come when they will. A masterpiece is one of the things uncontrollable by the County Council, or any other assembly of the elected. Our readers can see for

not difficult to appreciate

WATERLOO BRIDGE

The Battle to be Re-fought

GREAT DAMS

In the Western Highlands

themselves whether they think the new design equal or superior to the old.

In the rage for simplicity, Rennie seems to more than hold his own. One can compare his coupled columns favourably with the tapered buttresses of the suggested design, and the sweep of his shore-arch with the rectangular entrance shown in the accompanying drawing. As regards the general suggestion of the whole design, that of Rennie connotes the greatness of some work of Imperial Rome, while that of Sir Giles might well provide a setting for Act I of Verdi's *Aïda*. The pictures are before our readers; they can compare them, detail for detail.

In extracting aluminium from its natural content very large quantities of electrical power are necessary, and for this purpose the British Aluminium Company, pioneers in the development of the industry, have constructed during the last thirty-eight years hydro-electric plants in the West Highlands of Scotland at Foyers on Loch Ness, at Kinlochleven, Argyllshire, and near Fort William, Inverness-shire. The works at the last-named place derives its power from the Lochaber Water Power Scheme now being constructed, and which is by far the largest of its kind in Great Britain.

The actual task of construction was begun in 1925, and the first part was brought into operation in 1930, this section including a concrete-lined tunnel of 15 ft. diameter and 15 miles in length through Ben Nevis mountain range.

The extensions of this scheme have now been in progress for nearly three years.

The Laggan dam, one of the principal dams under the scheme and now nearing completion, is being constructed across the River Spean at a point about a mile above Tulloch railway station and, when finally finished, will hold up the waters of that river and extend Loch Laggan by approximately 4½ miles, thus forming a reservoir 12 miles in length, which will be the largest in the country. The dam will have a total height of 178 ft. from foundation to road level.

Another important dam is the Treig dam, being constructed across the River Treig to raise the level of Loch Treig by 40 ft.

When completed these two reservoirs will hold nearly ten thousand million cubic feet of water.

F. G. B.

THE LAGGAN DAM which is being constructed across the River Spean, Inverness-shire, and which, when finished, will extend Loch Laggan by about 4½ miles. This is the latest development in the great hydro-electric scheme in the West Highlands

TO HOLD UP THE RIVER SPEAN: A general view of the Laggan Dam. *Left*—THE TREIG DAM, which will raise the level of the loch by about 40 ft. During the work of construction about 1½ miles of the London and North-Eastern Railway has had to be moved

O

HUNZA

The Little State on the Borders of Turbulent Turkestan

The Sinkiang province of China, also known as Chinese Turkestan and scene of the rebellion of the Muhammadan Tungans, is one of the most inaccessible regions in the world. Here two British officers and one lady are isolated in the British Consulate at Kashgar, the rebels having actually effected an entrance and killed one Indian and wounded four others of the Consulate staff. With the waning of Chinese authority in this country the Tungans have gradually gained political and military power. Whether the present upheaval resulting from their rebellion will in any way spread south towards India is a matter for conjecture, but it is as well to remember that British territory, as represented by the little State of Hunza, lies directly on the borders of Sinkiang. The following notes by Major R. F. Trevelyan deal with Hunza as it is to-day.

Hunza might be described as the mountain Clapham Junction of Asia; the huge Mustagh and Hindu-Kush Ranges form its northern boundary, meeting on the Pamirs; the Kailas and a branch of the Karakoram terminate inside its borders. Through these tremendous barriers the Hunza river penetrates, with the winding road to Central Asia now following the course of the stream, now ascending a hair-raising precipice to avoid a perpendicular gorge. Mighty glaciers, including the Batura, sixth longest in the world outside the Arctic regions, terminate on or near the bed of the river and are crossed by temporary tracks made by the inhabitants.

IN THE WILDS OF KASHMIR: The Mir of Hunza's fort at Baltit perched high above the village in a setting reminiscent of a Dulac fairy castle. The Mir claims descent from Alexander the Great and is a staunch friend of Britain

THE MIR OF HUNZA ARRIVING ON HIS POLO GROUND AT BALTIT: Polo, in its original form, is the national game of the people in the small Hindu Kush States. It is played on walled grounds about 200 yards in length and varying between 40 yards and 50 yards in breadth

A CITY OF UNREST: The market-place of Kashgar, capital of the province of Sinkiang. The people are great traders and deal extensively in cotton and silk goods, carpets, and saddlery

Since 1892 Hunza has been under the joint suzerainty of the Indian Government and the Maharajah of Kashmir. Its ruler, Mir Sahib Sir Mohd Nazim Khan, K.C.I.E., is a most loyal subject of the King-Emperor. The people, a happy blending of Aryan and Turanian ancestry, are open and frank of countenance, with complexions and colouring often resembling those of the Highlanders of Scotland. They are of splendid physique and are probably unsurpassed anywhere as mountaineers. Before the British occupation their raids on the Central Asian trade route from Leh to Kashgar were notorious, but they are now peaceful and law-abiding, living with difficulty on the resources of their small country.

All are Maulai Muhammadans, and so followers of the Aga Khan. Their language, Burushashki, is of peculiar difficulty to Europeans and has never been really mastered by an Englishman. The women, who are seen everywhere in the fields, are decidedly pretty. All are smiling, and the proportion of pretty women seems large. Probably they retain their youth longer than their sisters of the neighbouring countries who do not enjoy the freedom permitted by the Maulai creed.

FLIGHT

THE FLYING TRAIN: One of the De Havilland air liners which is to be used by Railway Air Services, the new company in which the great railways of this country are interested. This 'plane is believed to be the fastest four-engined commercial aircraft in the world, having a top speed of 175 m.p.h. *Below* — Mr. Philip Wills, honorary treasurer of the British Gliding Association, at the start of his record-breaking flight from Dunstable Downs, Bedfordshire, to the Essex coast. He covered a distance of more than 55 miles in less than two hours

THE NEW "CIRCLE" 'PLANE, which can descend almost vertically, is now on exhibition at the Curtis Airport, Chicago. It has an average speed of over 130 m.p.h.

THE PRIDE OF THE AIRWAYS FLEET: The giant four-engined air liner, *Scylla*, which was recently completed at Rochester for Imperial Airways, making her maiden flight. She has accommodation for thirty-nine passengers and a crew of four and, when she enters the London–Paris service, will be the largest air liner in the world in regular operation. A sister 'plane, the *Syrinx*, is now under construction

PRINCE GEORGE IN JOHANNESBURG: H.R.H. climbing into the 'plane in which he was flown over the goldfields by Sir Pierre van Ryneveld

Prince George in Bechuanaland

ON THE FRINGE OF THE KALAHARI DESERT: Native Girl Guides taking part in a meal-crushing competition during the sports held in honour of Prince George's visit to Gaberones. This little village is about ninety miles north of Mafeking on the main line to Bulawayo, Rhodesia

On his way from the Union of South Africa to Rhodesia, Prince George passed on the Royal train along that 500-mile stretch of railway that runs through the Bechuanaland Protectorate between Mafeking and Bulawayo. At Gaberones, in normal times a lonely little wayside station, he received a tremendous reception from some thousands of Bechuana tribesmen and their chiefs. Dances and sports were held in his honour and every chief paid his respects in traditional fashion. Tshekedi, Regent of the Bamangwato, presented him with a wonderful selec-

ON THE NIGHT OF THE PRINCE'S ARRIVAL: A scene at the great native feast at Gaberones for which forty oxen were slaughtered and roasted whole

BEFORE THE DANCE: The Prince inspecting some of the natives who entertained him

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e the Tshekedi incident the Bechuana tribesmen
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hat still further good has been done by the
visit.

CHEERS FOR THE ROYAL VISITOR: Natives greeting Prince George on his arrival at Gaberones where he was met by eight Bechuana chiefs and several thousand tribesmen. Among those who paid their respects to him was Tshekedi, Regent of the Bamangwato, whose recent suspension and re-instatement aroused world-wide interest

THE POT DANCE performed by native Girl Guides. The rhythm and precision of these Bechuana girls are remarkable and a dance such as this, once seen, is not soon forgotten

DOCK THIEVES

AT THE DOCK GATES: A policeman receiving the pass which is issued by the Customs to all those taking goods out of the docks

A RUSH ORDER FOR NEW ZEALAND: A typical scene at the London Docks

—Their Wiles, and their Hereditary Enemies, the Dock Police, Described

By CHARLES GRAVES

The average layman, if asked who he thought was responsible for law and order in the docks, would almost certainly say that they came under the control of either the City Police or the Metropolitan Police. Actually they are under the jurisdiction of a specialized body of men known as the Port of London Authority Police. There are 601 of them headed by Mr. W. H. A. Webster, C.I.E., the chief police officer. The docks under his control have a land area of over 2,000 acres, a water area of 700 acres, as well as 45 miles of quayage. Moreover, the tonnage of export and import goods passed over the quays in a single year is in the neighbourhood of 3,000,000, and a large part of it has to be stored in the warehouses. An area so extensive and containing so many million pounds' worth of valuable goods naturally requires a great deal of protection from pilferage and fire. It is satisfactory to learn, however, that since 1915 the accidents have decreased from nearly 4,000 to a little over 2,000 a year, the drownings from fifty-five to five, and serious fires from thirteen to one. In the meantime the number of crimes committed have decreased by half, despite the fact that the police have been reduced in numbers by 150 in the past four years.

Each of the five groups of docks is surrounded by a wall or fence, and altogether there are 100 entrance gates and seventeen water entrances. Each of these is manned by police, and the interior of the docks is patrolled day and night. The total length of their beats is 169 miles. The most important duty of constables is to collect passes, see that the signatures are correct, and compare the number and description of the articles mentioned in the pass with those on the van or barge, or in the hand of the person who presents the pass. Altogether there are eight kinds of pass in regular use. The constables also must scrutinize everybody entering and leaving the docks. Besides the protection of property and prevention of pilferage and fire, the police have to investigate crime that occurs in the docks, and for this purpose there is a Criminal Investigation Department. They are men with special knowledge of the dodges employed by thieves.

When the Port of London Authority was created in 1909 they took over the police of the various dock companies—Surrey Commercial, London and India, and Millwall. At that time they were so badly clothed that they were known as the pantomime police. To-day they get as good pay as the Metropolitan Police. Yet in 1919 cargo broaching became so serious (1,500 people were arrested that year) that a special branch of police was created known as the Shipping Police. These officers wear plain clothes and go into the holds of the ships to watch the cargo being loaded and unloaded. At first the stevedores strongly opposed it. They said they resented being watched while at work. Since then there has been a rapid decline in the number of pilferages.

The dock thief is usually the thief of opportunity, and it is a fact that men who are normally quite honest cannot resist helping themselves to the contents of any case that has been broken by accident. The worst of it is that every member of a gang of dock labourers has to participate, or else be ostracized. Not long ago a stevedore, unknown to his companions, asked the police to "rub him down" (dockology for searching him) in front of his mates every time they saw him leave the docks. This was done, and although he used lurid adjectives in front of his comrades, he privately thanked the police for their action. The reason for his unusual request was that he was once forced into stealing, and was convicted. Later he secured a good job, and being desirous of keeping it, and to save himself from being tempted again, he wanted his mates to think he was a marked man.

Whilst the Shipping Police practically stamped out the broaching of cargo in the docks, they could not stop the pilfering by the crews of the ships themselves. In many cases goods actually stolen from cargo on the outward voyage and brought back were found when searches of the crews' effects as they were leaving the docks were made. Another very tiresome class of crime in the docks is the theft of valuables from the cabins of ships' officers. One man had a very good run. Just before the ship sailed from Tilbury or elsewhere, he would go into the cabins of old ladies who were making a maiden voyage. Wearing a pseudo-nautical cap, and carrying large official-looking envelopes, he would say "I am the purser. Have you any valuables you would like me to lock up for you?" When his victims handed them meekly over he rapidly got off the ship on the last gangway.

The theft of rum and port used to be very prevalent in the docks, and there is still a case every now and then. One trick is known as "sucking the monkey." The thief removes the bung from the cask, inserts a piece of metal pipe with a rubber tubing at one end, and sucks up the liquor until it starts to flow. He then fills any receptacles he has handy, flat rubber bottles being particularly popular, as they pack neatly under the waistcoat. Another trick is "spiling the cask." This is done by boring two holes with a gimlet. Then having drawn off the amount of liquor required, the thief drives a spike into each hole and neatly cuts it off at the base. The bottle trick is a matter of filling a bottle with water and inserting the neck into a puncheon of rum. The water, being heavier than the spirit, goes into the cask and the rum which it displaces is forced up into the bottle. The craving for strong drink among dockers used to be very noticeable, and it was often puzzling to find a whole gang obviously "bottled" and yet no sign of any of the cases having been broached. Sometimes a case would be dropped deliberately, with the result that several bottles were broken, while the stevedores waited around with their tea cans to salve the escaping liquor.

Many devices have been tried at different times to get liquor out of the docks. One of the best that Chief Detective-Inspector Albert Ward has on the file is that of the labourer who used to call at the chemist's for his wife's medicine on his way to work. He duly "declared" it to the constable on the gate when entering. One day a detective officer stopped him going out, and the medicine was found to be over-proof rum. He persisted in court that he had not tampered with the medicine, but the magistrate said rather drily, "The miracle of turning water into wine only happened once, and that was a very long time ago."

SEARCHING FOR CONTRABAND: A vigilant dock policeman examining a load of timber

Another trick is for a boy to take his father's food in a basin into the docks and then return with the basin full of tea or tobacco. One or two actual instances are amusing, like that of the ship's quartermaster who, as he approached the constable at the dock entrance, took off his hat, spread it over his chest and jacket pocket, and said amiably, "It's a hot day, guvnor, isn't it?" "Yes," said the constable. "Now let's see what you have got under your hat." It turned out to be some tea.

Certainly these constables must be very spry. One of them not long ago saw three men approaching a gate; they were about to pass through the wicket when one let his companion pass with the words "Go on, Bill." The constable immediately searched him and found that he was swathed underneath with linen. When asked in court what gave rise to his suspicion he said that the labourer was far too polite to his friend. By the way, a number of these dock labourers arrive nowadays in motor cars at their scene of work. Yet their phraseology is vivid as of yore. To have a "waxer" is to take a stolen drink. To "bull" a cask is to wash out a spirit barrel, thus extracting the spirit from the wood, which is against the Customs' by-laws, and is strong enough to cause intoxication. To take a "weazel" is to take a bribe, and when a policeman in uniform is seen approaching, the dockology for *cave* is "heads up." Policemen are still known sometimes as "beetles."

Stowaways and confidence men are others who come into the ken of these police. Stowaways have decreased in numbers considerably, perhaps because while a convicted thief is often let off with a warning, a stowaway invariably gets two months' imprisonment. Confidence men, who are nine times out of ten Australians (Australian newspapers please note!) are also on the decline. But card-sharpers still give the dock police some trouble. Sailors usually fall an easy prey to "Finding the Lady."

The prevention of smuggling is primarily the job of the Customs officials, but the Port of London Authority Police form a very good second line of defence, and frequently discover men smuggling opium and hashish. They certainly are a vigilant body of men. The other day they caught a painter going away with a new unused brush under his jacket; they caught a labourer trying to get away with some grape fruit: and an engineer with two double-barrelled guns, the stocks of which he had placed under his armpits with the barrels down the side of his legs.

Dock thieves, especially the experienced ones, are very artful. If they have any stuff to get out, some of the gang usually go in front of the ones who are going out, and if anything like a systematic

(Continued on p. 84)

A PERSONAL PAGE

THE HARROVIAN RULER OF IRAQ: A new portrait of King Ghazi, the son of the late King Feisal who died in Switzerland in September. Last month his birthday was publicly celebrated for the first time

THE PRINCE OF THE APOSTLES: Hubert Mayer who will play the part of Peter in this year's production of the Oberammergau Passion Play. He takes the place of Peter Rendl who died recently

AN ACTOR AT HOME: Mr. Hugh E. Wright, the well-known radio and stage star. He gives an excellent performance as the Detective-Inspector in Anthony Armstrong's latest thriller, *Without Witness*, at the Duke of York's Theatre

THE MAN BEHIND THE SCENES: Colonel Dawnay, Controller of Programmes at Broadcasting House

MR. ARTHUR TYRRELL, Registrar of Richmond Register Office which has recently been closed. He is seen here viewing the King's signature on the entry relating to the birth of the Prince of Wales

THE ONLY PRO-GERMAN MEMBER OF THE DANISH PARLIAMENT: Pastor Schmidt, who has been elected in South Jutland, a part of Denmark which was once under German rule

SIGNOR ALFONSO MARCONI, brother of the Marchese Marconi of wireless fame, has started to make violins

STOCKHOLM'S GRAND OLD MAN: Mr. John Swanström (right) who is 105 years of age and is reputed to be the oldest man in Sweden. He is seen here with his son and daughter-in-law, his granddaughter, and his great grandson

OPERA ON THE SUSSEX DOWNS

THE SOUTH FRONT OF GLYNDEBOURNE MANOR showing (on right) Mr. John Christie's opera house. The mullioned windows on the left are part of the original building which dates from about 1500. In the centre are the windows of the music-room

THE AUDITORIUM which possesses seating accommodation for over 300 people. The "pulpits" on each side of the proscenium contain powerful batteries for the lighting system

BUILT IN SUSSEX BRICK: The southern elevation of the opera house at Glyndebourne. The classic austerity of this building, on which vines have been trained, harmonizes remarkably well with the rest of the manor-house façade

By J. WENTWORTH DAY

In the eighteenth century they had a pleasant trick of collecting artists and the arts. "They," of course, were the great landed proprietors. Nobody else counted. None the less, the age left a pleasant mark, an enduring memory. The imitators of Palladio and the Greeks bequeathed us graceful houses, gazebos and terraces, fountains and mahogany, veneers and the pictures of Richard Wilson. Houses such as Stowe and Mereworth, sculpture such as that of Banks, and the doors and stairways of the brothers Adam, despite their occasional extravagances of size and expenditure, yet retain to-day a permanent influence in moulding the character of British art. They have preserved something of grace, dignity, and space which perhaps was lacking from our national make-up before their day.

Above all, the impression left on the twentieth century mind is one of leisured, intellectual, and truly individual men of breeding and discrimination who, despite their wealth, laboured not entirely for their own enjoyment but for the future education of taste in the generations which were to follow.

But if one looks back upon those hundred or so years of sudden and individual development of taste in England, one finds that, whereas architecture, painting, interior decoration, landscape gardening, and even book-binding all had their individual patrons, many with unlimited money to spend, music was almost without its attendant angel.

I can think offhand of no Walpole, no Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, no "Capability" Brown, not even a Lord Elgin, who attempted to do one-hundredth part for music in this country compared with the time, thought, and money expended upon the development of the other arts.

Since then, during the last fifty years of industrialism and democracy, when taste is measured by the Stock Exchange, there has been no great practical patron of any of these forlorn Muses.

And now comes Mr. John Christie, of Glyndebourne Manor, in Sussex, with a new and native opera house. Here, indeed, is a personal work in the true aristocratic mode. Built to his own design, as a wing to his own mansion, its component parts made and fashioned by his own workmen, it must inevitably occupy a unique place in the history of music. Mr. Christie—of the lines of the Earls of Portsmouth and Lovelace, owner of 8,000 acres, inheritor of a fortune, one time an Eton master—picks up, after fifty years, that individual thread of aristocratic patronage which in the past built the very bone and fabric of British art.

His opera house is a shade larger than the Residenz Theater at Munich, but it is claimed that its acoustics are vastly better, while its external and internal simplicity of design, pleasing, harmonious, and restful to a degree, are in themselves an expression of all that is finest in the best of modernity of thought and design. There are no frills or flamboyancies.

As far as bare details are concerned the auditorium seats 313 people. This includes a single box at the back of the house for nine people and a concealed gallery in which four members of blind institutions will be given free seats at each performance. For comparison's sake the stall accommodation is comparable to that of the Duchess or the Arts Theatres.

The proscenium arch is 25 ft. wide and 29 ft. high, while the stage is 37 ft. deep from the footlights. If you like further comparison, this means that it is deeper than the stages at Sadler's Wells, the Ambassadors, the Apollo, Duke of York's, Comedy, Globe, Embassy, Criterion, Arts, or indeed most of the London theatres.

The decoration of the auditorium is carried out in natural oak panelling halfway up the walls, above which rise plain wall surfaces in light parchment, blending into an almost barrel-shaped ceiling. The lighting is hand-made wrought-iron Sussex candle sconces—an object lesson in simplicity and dignity for the wedding-cake architects of modern cinemas.

The lighting and general electrical equipment—nearly all produced in Mr. Christie's own workshops — include the only British installation of the new Bordoni dimming system, which gives gradualness of dimming without the jerkiness inevitable to the old system.

The orchestra pit is so deeply sunk and so spacious that it will accommodate seventy musicians, not one of whom, including the conductor, is visible to the audience.

But what I like best in this meticulously thought-out programme of building is the fact that the bricks, ironwork, tiles, woodwork, panelling, doors, sets, scenery, stonework have all been made either on the estate or produced in the workshops controlled by Mr. Christie. Thus the cost has been kept to a minimum and the opera house, like the genius which produced it, is native to its soil and authentic in its construction. The eighteenth century could never claim such genuineness.

Here is not merely a revival. Glyndebourne is a creation. It will open on May 28 with Mozart.

THE STAGE DIRECTOR: Mr. Hamish Wilson at work designing settings and scenery for forthcoming productions

ESTATE WORKMEN MAKING SCENERY at the Manor workshops in the village of Glynde

IN A DOWNLAND SETTING: On the extreme right is the rear of the opera house auditorium

Right—CUTTING OUT AND STITCHING COSTUMES IN A ROOM IN THE MANOR HOUSE: Practically all the props. are either made locally or have been bought at country house sales

Left—THE GREAT MUSIC ROOM AT GLYNDEBOURNE, which will be the foyer for the opera house. The organ was originally the property of Mr. Solly Joel

CANINE FRIENDS IN THE PARK

Above—"ME AND MY DOG": Jane, daughter of Lady Spickernell, with a large St. Bernard. *Centre*—Olwen and Charles, children of Mrs. J. Wynne Finch. *Top left*—Mrs. G. Holman's twin daughters with their terriers

Above—PRAM PARADE IN THE PARK: Two young ladies with their doggy companions. *Above on left*—A wire-haired terrier, an Irish terrier, and a Basset hound

Above—THE HOOP RACE: The start of the "Hyde Park Stakes." *Top left*—Miss Judith Buchanan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Buchanan of Glasgow, with her sheepdog, Towser. *Right*—A Scottish trio. The gentleman on the lead hails from Aberdeen

THE FAMOUS MANTEGNA CARTOONS depicting the "Triumph of Julius Cæsar" have now been restored and are once again on view in the Orangery at Hampton Court. This is a detail of the Banner section of Cartoon No. 1 which, before restoration, was in particularly bad condition. The outlines have now been rendered much clearer, but no repainting has been done

UNTOUCHED BY LATER ARTISTS: Details from Cartoon No. 5 of the "Triumph of Julius Cæsar." The skirt on the figure seen in the left-hand picture is painted in the original Mantegna red, very little of which remains in the other cartoons

THE ART WORLD

The Mantegna Cartoons and Other Matters

It became apparent in 1930 that Mantegna's nine tempera pictures representing "The Triumph of Cæsar" were in imminent danger of destruction. The King decided that, in view of the artistic importance of these works, something should be done immediately to preserve them. The cartoons were, accordingly, cleaned of mould growths, given new and durable lining canvases, and re-stretched on teak stretchers capable of resisting water, fire, and insects. Something more, however, was necessary to ensure their preservation for all time, so the attention of those in charge of the work was turned to the problem of securing an even temperature in the Orangery at Hampton Court, where the pictures were housed. Rapid fluctuations, often from 46 degs. Fahrenheit to 85 degs. within a few hours, were working havoc on the canvases. A means was immediately devised of creating the necessary even temperature by Mr. J. McIntyre, chief engineer of the Office of Works, and now it can be claimed that the atmosphere of the Orangery is as good as that in any other gallery in the country.

That these works, which are Mantegna's masterpieces, are now safe, is a matter for national congratulation.

The artist was born in or near Padua in 1431 and was the favourite pupil of Squarcione, the tailor-painter. He set up a studio of his own when only seventeen, but some years later accepted an offer from the Duke of Mantua to settle in his city. There he remained, with the exception of two years spent in Rome, until his death; and it was there that he painted his famous cartoons of "The Triumph of Cæsar." Mantegna also excelled as an engraver, architect, sculptor, and poet.

Manet's "Bar"

Many of our readers will remember seeing Edouard Manet's famous "Le Bar des Folies Bergère" at the 1932 exhibition of French paintings at the Royal Academy. In the recollection of many people it did not look so bright as when seen on former occasions, but few, as Mr. Frank Rutter has pointed out, suspected that the picture has become physically a wreck. Its dangerous

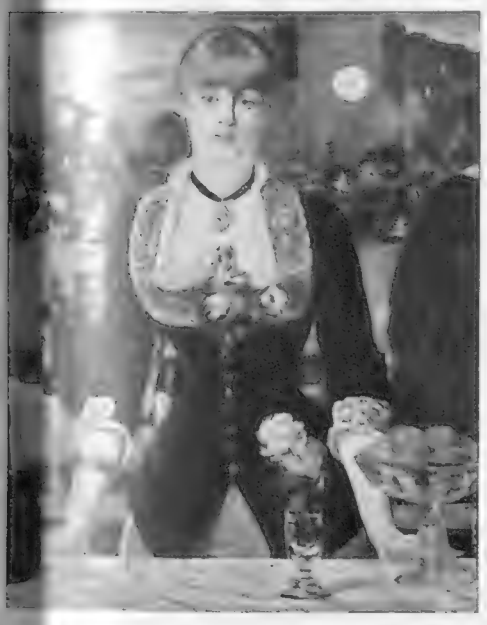
A FRAGMENT OF A MARBLE T... LEG IN THE FORM OF A L... This work in Pantelic ... which dates from the firs... tury B.C., was put up for au... at Sotheby's on April 10

DATING FROM THE FIFTH CE... B.C.: A head of Minerva which ... unearthed recently during excav... in Athens. It probably belongs t... school of Phidias and it is ... that the rest of the statue to ... it belongs will shortly be fou...

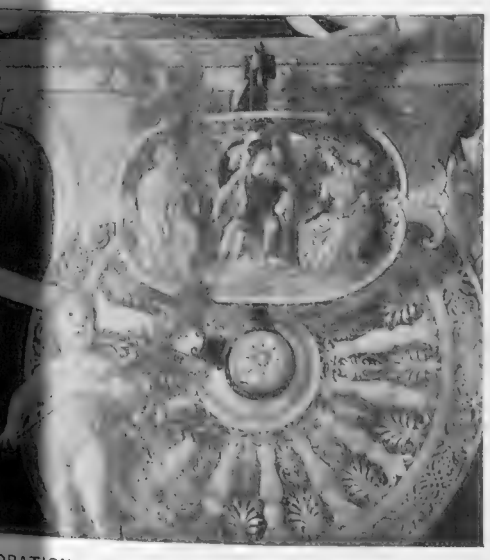
THE ART OF THE ITALIAN HIGH RENAISSANCE: This cartoon shows Mantegna's work at its best. An X-ray examination reveals that practically all that was done by a later hand was the reinforcing of the high lights

"CÆSAR'S CHARIOT": This detail shows the disintegrated state of Cartoon No. 9 before treatment. It is of interest that Cæsar is wearing a wig

SITTING IN JUDGMENT: The Royal Academy Selection Committee judging the entries for the spring exhibition. Left to right—Mr. W. R. M. Lamb, Mr. A. K. Lawrence, A.R.A., Mr. [illegible] Macbeth-Raeburn, R.A., Mr. W. Curtis Green, R.A., Mr. Sydney Lee, R.A., Sir William Llewellyn, P.R.A., Sir Herbert Hughes Stanton, R.A., Mr. Russell Flint, R.A., Mr. Terrick Williams, R.A., Mr. Arthur J. Davis, R.A., Mr. W. McMillan, R.A., and Mr. C. Wheeler, A.R.A.



RESCUED FROM DISINTEGRATION: Manet's famous "Bar" which, before restoration, showed alarming signs of decay. It is now on view in the National Gallery



ORATION: The lower portion of Cartoon No. 9 now the quality and detail have been recovered without any repainting

condition was discovered immediately after the close of the French Exhibition. When seen from the back against a strong light it was found to be perforated to an alarming degree with holes, fissures, and splits in the canvas itself. The late Mr. Samuel Courtauld, who purchased the picture, realized that it was important that something should immediately be done.

It was found that the canvas was of too fine a mesh to support the heavy paint of some parts of the picture. It was also divined that a defective medium had been used, probably with an excess of turpentine. The restored picture is now on exhibition in Room XXI of the National Gallery.

The Meaning of a Famous Picture

Everyone who has visited the National Gallery in London knows the superb portrait group by Jan van Eyck. Its rare beauty combined with its early date, compared with other Flemish and Dutch paintings, has always given it a foremost position in the world of great painting. So beautiful is it, and so wondrously clever, from the painter's point of view, that many have not stopped to think very closely what it is all about. It is usually described as the Marriage of Giovanni Arnolfini and his wife, Jeanne de Cename, but how is it a marriage scene, with no attendant priest? An early description of the picture mentioned by Marcus van Vaernewyck gives it as a small panel on which was depicted the wedding of a man and a woman who were married by Fides. This is a misreading according to Erwin Panofsky, who goes into the whole matter extensively in the March issue of *The Burlington Magazine* in a fascinating article.

THE WAY TO THE MANTEGNA PICTURES AT HAMPTON COURT is through the gateway on the left

THE MARRIAGE OF ARNOLFINI AND HIS WIFE WITHOUT A PRIEST: An explanation of this picture appears in the left-hand column

He points out that before the Council of Trent the Catholic Church could acknowledge a marriage by the simple clasping of hands without the presence of any priest or witness. Thus we see in the famous Flemish master's pictureArnolfini taking the hand of his bride with his left hand (for the purpose of artistic composition) and with the right hand raised in an act of blessing. The writer points out that this room has the nature of a special chapel, the single candle, alight, in a room full of sunlight, and the little griffin terrier, were evidently to the artist typical symbols of faith. Examination of the picture in the light of these facts makes it evident that there was no priest present, and that the phrase "married by Fides" is a misreading of the law term *per fidem*. In other words that the couple were married in the faith of a simple plighted troth.

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

Despite the respect that I have for the utterances of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, I have always felt that in one saying he has added yet another to those wise-saws which impose a monstrous untruth on the intelligence. He has told us that "the rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road." It is a good phrase, and goes well with that propaganda for beer which has been the basis of much of the charm of Belloc and Chesterton. It is, of course, entirely untrue. The roads were there long before the drunkards, and the ways of cattle rather than the ways of men have contributed greatly to the irregular character of the English road.

We owe much to the Romans as anyone may see who cares to consult the excellent map of Roman England which our Ordnance Survey Department has issued. It is commonly believed that the Roman road always went straight on, but the Romans were never so stupid as that; they turned aside when they encountered a particularly formidable obstruction. They have earned our undying admiration as roadmakers, an admiration increased since the recent making of arterial roads when the enormous difficulties encountered by our engineers have revealed to us the genius of the Romans. They were fortunate in that they could command the labour of prisoners and slaves, and that they had not to contend with ancient rights of way. On the other hand, they had to contend with an England in a barbaric and naturally wild condition, and had not at their disposal the great resources of modern engineering science.

The extent of our legacy from the Romans is difficult to determine. The width of their roads was largely determined by the width of their transport wagons, which in turn determined the width of our own stage coaches, roughly 4 ft. 8½ in., which in turn determined our standard railway gauge. Such was the legacy of ancient Rome. The road-making materials of the Romans were always obtained locally, which caused them to be familiar with the handling of all kinds of material. In marsh mud they used oak piles, they utilized the chalk and flints of the Chilterns, they used small pebble gravel mixed with block earth; wherever they carried their roads they contrived to build up a basis of the local material.

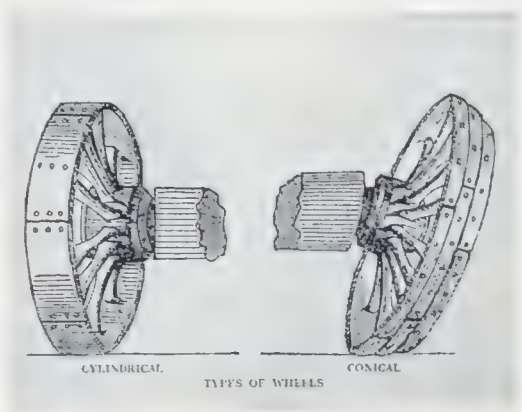
Recently we have built new roads over parts of the old Roman roads, and their basis has proved better than any we have been able to devise. There was a stretch of Watling Street, some eleven miles long, which went out of use. Then, in 1921, the need for providing employment, and the growth of motor traffic, caused the authorities to bring that piece of road into use again. It cost us, with all our modern methods, 55,000 days' labour, and cost about £1,000,000, or some £87,000 a mile. The Romans somehow contrived to cross England from East to West and North to South during their occupation, and all this despite having savage country to prospect and recalcitrant tribes to hold in subjection.

My country cottage is adjacent to a Roman road, a minor road that ran from the Thames near Henley to Dorchester in Oxfordshire. It is now largely lost and overgrown. There are stretches of it merged into the present highway to Oxford but it is singular how local tradition clings to the old highway. I was surprised by an old gardener telling me that he had put his rubbish on "the Roman Road." It was actually a forgotten lane which I could never have imagined to have been an ancient highway, but I discovered, after inquiry, that he was quite right.

We are becoming road-conscious again with the increase of motor traffic, and we are beginning to inquire about the history of these highways along which we travel. They are never so dull as when they are new, and I have never ceased to be surprised by the strange desire on the part of householders to live on the very edge of these monotonous highways. Inquiries led to the information that nervous housewives, their husbands departed to the city, prefer to live near to the highway for safety and company, hence the long-drawn-out lines of villas that border our new arterial roads.

The discovery of the English road is quite a thing of recent times. Up till a hundred years ago the English road flourished, with certain very serious drawbacks, such as turnpikes and toll-bridges. Then the railways swept the stage coaches out of existence, and the roads fell into disuse. With their decay went the old hostelries, and many a renowned and flourishing inn saw the grass growing before its doors and the cobwebs covering its windows and rafters. We have a good instance of this in the Bell on Barnby Moor. It was renowned in the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries. From 1800 to 1842 its host was a famous character, a farmer and a breeder of racehorses, and every traveller along the Great North Road made a point of calling at the Bell. It had no local trade, being remote from any village, so that

PANNIER RIDING — "ME AND MY WIFE AND DAUGHTER": An amusing reproduction from a caricature by Bunbury which appears in Mr. T. W. Wilkinson's history of the English road, entitled *From Track to By-Pass*. This book, which contains thirty-nine illustrations in photogravure, is published by Methuen



AN INGENIOUS METHOD OF EVADING THE LAW: Another illustration from Mr. Wilkinson's history of the English road. In 1751, the distance between a pair of wheels at the bottom was fixed by statute, so those who wished to obtain greater room for the body of a vehicle had the axle trees bent and fitted with wheels which, at the top, were often as much as 17 in. out of the perpendicular

when all the traffic deserted the famous highway to Scotland, the Bell went out of business. In 1861 it was converted into a farmhouse and such it remained until 1906. The wheel of time has now brought back its custom and fame. There is a similar resuscitation of lost glory on all our main roads, and on many of our by-roads.

Last Good Friday, walking down into Hambledon, in that pleasant valley that opens towards the Thames above Marlow, I entered the old portals of the Stag and Huntsman. To my surprise a waiter in uniform approached with a menu that would have done credit to any West-end restaurant. The inn was newly furnished, though the old taproom had been wisely retained for village use. It was characteristic, too, that a very modern, fashionably-dressed young lady, who kept a horse for exercise and drove a very smart sports car for shopping expeditions, should have proved to be the landlord's wife. Some lament this modernization of the ancient inn, but the gain in good cooking, cleanliness, service, and civility seems to me to outweigh any regret for olde worlde charm that may have been attractive to the eye but proved disastrous to the stomach. Moreover, these new owners generally exhibit a very real sense of tradition, and they are doing much to preserve the old hostelries from dilapidation.

A book **From Track to By-Pass** by **T. W. Wilkinson (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)** will greatly reward the curious reader concerning the history of the English road. My only complaint against this admirable and well-illustrated book is that Mr. Wilkinson has over-crowded it with facts, has covered too much ground, and has not told us some of the things the traveller wants to know. I would like to learn, for instance, why the milestones give the distance from Nottingham to London as 124 miles when a car speedometer registers 140. Also, why does the modern sign-post state that Oxford to Henley is twenty-two miles when an old chart, called "Direction for the English Travellers" states the distance to be eighteen miles? There were long miles, short miles, middle miles, and statute miles. All this goes unexplained. But perhaps it is unkind of me to complain when Mr. Wilkinson has given us such a feast of information.

A History of the English Road—a Book for Every Traveller: Germany Reborn — General Goering's Utter Disregard of Historical Fact: The Story of a Flight to Madras

It is interesting to learn that all through the ages men have raged against the speed mania, that there was a cry to stop stage coaches travelling at such a fearful pace, and that traffic congestion was so dreadful at Blackfriars that the authorities complained to the Privy Council. "The recourse of coaches is many times so great that the inhabitants cannot in the afternoon take in any provisions of beer, coals, wood, and hay, and persons of honour are restrained by the number of coaches from going out."

We know nothing to-day of the turnpike scoundrels, such as Mr. Lewis Levy, who was reputed to have amassed a million by his extortions, and who was soundly attacked by Cobbett as a public pest. I have now still greater respect for Queen Elizabeth and her great bed-sleeping feat all over England, when I learn that she travelled with baggage in 600 two-wheel carts, each requiring six horses, and that after a journey she was often unable to sit down with comfort for several days! Mr. Wilkinson's delightful book will give every traveller cause for gratitude and content. It is now the garages and not the toll-gates that take our money, and even our horse-power tax is highly preferable to the frightful tolls under the corrupt turnpike system.

When I read **Germany Reborn (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d.)**, the manifesto to the English people of **General Goering**, I began by marking with a pencil the statements that seemed to me to be flagrant travesties of the truth. After a few pages it became clear that it would be simpler to mark the few statements that were obviously true.

We are told on the first page that "the German people as a whole have never taken part in great wars of conquest," that the "encirclement of Germany" was complete in 1914, and that she was wholely guiltless of the outbreak of war. One wonders how ever Germany managed to be standing on Belgian territory, even while one remains silent concerning certain incidents at Louvain, Dinant, and Malines. But more remarkable than General Goering's utter disregard of historical fact is his hysteria over Hitler. None of the twelve disciples ever spoke of his Master with the breathless, blind adoration of General Goering. Compared with the infallibility of Herr Hitler, the Pope is a feeble and tottering figure. There is much about bloodsucking Jews, dastardly Socialists, vile traitors. There is not a word about any definite policy, though there is much about the necessity for a policeman's shooting to kill. The whole book gives the impression of a Borstal boy who has run amok. It seems a pity that Germany has not retained one clever Jew to write its propaganda. Surely the Nazi cause has a better creed than the one offered by General Goering? Or are we all mistaken? Is Herr Hitler a reincarnation of the Kaiser William? "For we love Adolf Hitler because we believe deeply and unswervingly that God has sent him to us to save Germany." This sounds dangerously familiar to our ears. It sounds like the old *Gott mit uns* business.

Mr. **Lewis Gibbs'** novel **Parable for Lovers (Dent. 7s. 6d.)**, is a very slight story of a young man who was involved in an accident in Athens and who imagined, in his delirious condition, that he had escaped into the woods and had become the lover of a wood nymph. The story is most delicately told but I could not believe it for a moment, and almost from the beginning of the incident I feared that the author would resort to the old dream trick as a solution. The satire, however, is so light, and the humour so constant that one ceases to be exacting, and grants to Mr. Gibbs a licence to experiment with the quite impossible.

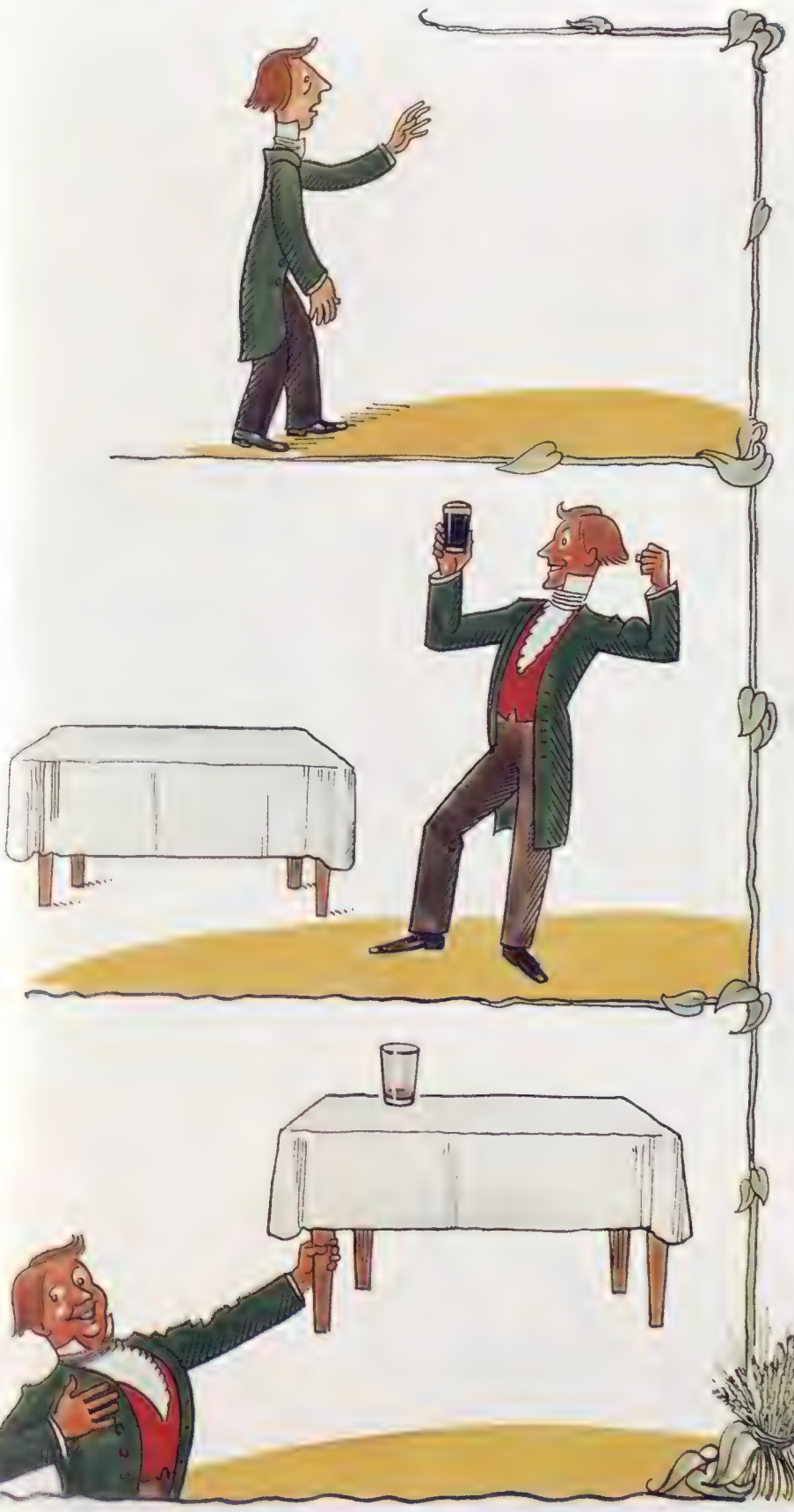
Whoever wrote the blurb on the wrapper of **Amateur Adventure** by **K. C. Gandar Dower (Rich and Cowan. 5s.)**, made an error. It says Mr. Dower is "a writer first and a pilot second." The whole attraction of the book lies in the fact that he is a pilot first and not at all a professional writer. This is a plain, vivid, and continuously exciting story of an alert young man who flew from Heston to Madras in his own aeroplane, for no reason at all except his own pleasure. He communicates every moment of that adventure to the reader by his naïve descriptions and his downright love of life. "It had been a fortnight worth living," writes Mr. Dower, and he has compressed that fortnight into a most readable book.

On page 84 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

The Story of Augustus

With apologies to "ANON"

among whose works is that book of "merry stories and funny pictures"—STRUWWELPETER



Augustus was a puny lad,
No strength at all Augustus had.
At twenty he was like a rake;
To look at him you'd think he'd break:
You'd think that at the least mishap
His fragile frame was bound to snap.
Till one day, one eventful day,
He cried—"I *will* not fade away,
So bring me Guinness quick, I pray,
I'll drink a Guinness every day."

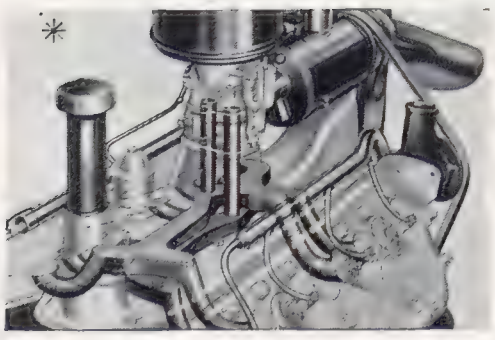
Now look, the second picture shows
How strong and broad Augustus grows.
Yet though no longer feeling ill,
Augustus wisely cries out still,
"Guinness gives me strength, I say.
Guinness is good in every way—
I drink a Guinness every day."

Look at him now—the sturdy boy;
Imagine his fond mother's joy.
Confronted by such strength and size,
His friends can hardly trust their eyes.
Augustus demonstrates at length
That Guinness daily gives you strength.
He has improved in every way,
Since he drinks Guinness every day.

A GUINNESS A DAY
is good for you

G.E. 397

The New Saloon de Luxe (2 Doors), £255, at Works, Dagenham



Acceleration which is electrically instant, yet stealthily noiseless, free from fuss : Ventilation that is draught-free, but effected by hidden, silent mechanism : Head-room, elbow-room leg-room affording luxurious comfort : Greater power for every drop of fuel, thanks to aluminium cylinder-heads* and the dualised carburation and manifolding which give that marvellous acceleration : Body-work, lastingly safe and strong : Time-proof, as well as elegant upholstery : Weather-proof external finish : Steering, suspension, brakes of the best : Controls so conveniently to hand that the longest drive leaves you as fresh as your passengers, at its end. All this is yours in the New V-8, the car demonstrably worth four or five times its price, as even a brief test-run will prove.

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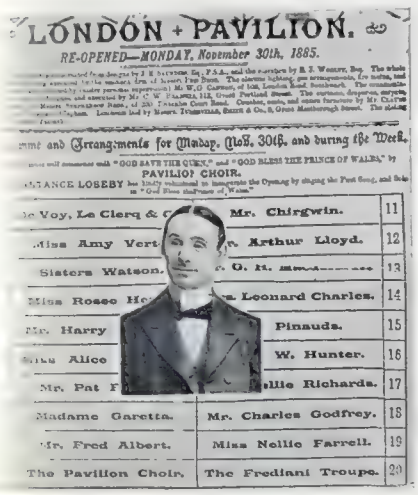
A RENDEZVOUS OF THE 'NINETIES: Two views of the London Pavilion as it was in the days of the horse 'bus and the hansom. Absence of advertisements reveals the whole block as an architectural unit

THE PASSING OF THE LONDON PAVILION

Such outstanding figures as Marie Lloyd and George Chirgwin, the "White-eyed Kaffir," no longer grace the stage, and with their passing the music halls have inevitably lost something of their glamour and attraction.

For some time past the Tivoli and the Empire have been cinemas, and now the London Pavilion is also closing its doors to variety. Throughout last week visitors came from all over the country to see the last of this famous theatre which was so notable a rendezvous in the gay 'nineties.



LONDON PAVILION PROGRAMME ON THE THEATRE'S REOPENING NIGHT IN NOVEMBER, 1885: This was reproduced, with a portrait of Dan Leno superimposed, in the souvenir given to patrons who attended the final performance last week

It was here that Dan Leno, "the man with the restless feet," achieved his greatest triumphs, and it was here that Chirgwin held his audiences with his famous "Blind Boy" song.

On Saturday night, for the final performance, the audience entered intimately into the celebrations, and following the last turn the whole house joined in the choruses of the old-time songs.

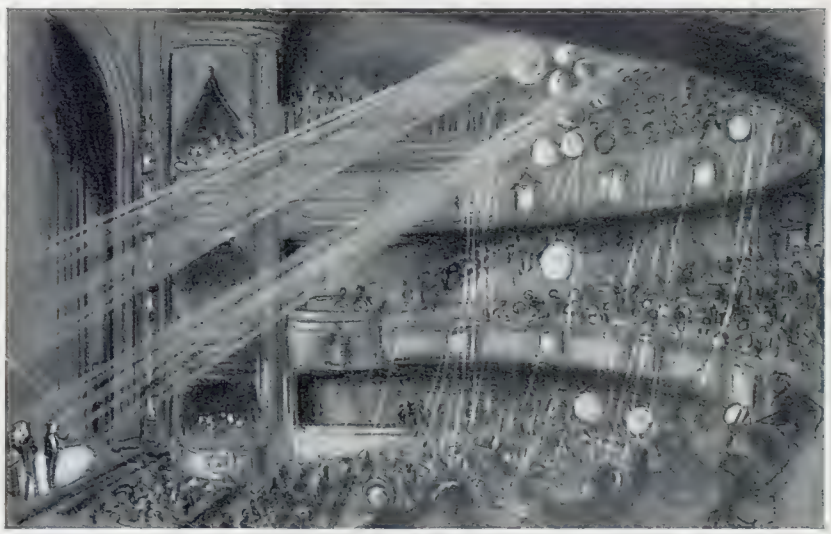
The London Pavilion has had a remarkable history and, in addition to variety, has been the scene of many a notable Cochran first night. The long continuity of management, Mr. Frank Glennister having held the position since 1885, is another noteworthy point.

At times the Pavilion has been used as a cinema, and many will remember when *Abraham Lincoln*, one of the finest historical films ever made, was presented there.

Some might argue that there are already too many cinemas in the West End and that this change-over from variety will not meet with success. In the vicinity are the Empire, the Leicester Square, the New Gallery, the Plaza, and the Capitol, all large cinemas. These, however, are nearly always packed to capacity, and there is little doubt that the converted London Pavilion will, on account of its unrivalled position, prove an outstanding attraction. This is the age of the cinema, and it seems, at the moment, that there is unlimited scope for such places of entertainment.

TWO STARS OF THE "PAV": *Left*—Chirgwin, the "White-eyed Kaffir," whose originality and personality made him one of the most popular performers of his day. He estimated that he sang his famous "Blind Boy" song over twenty thousand times. *Right*—Marie Lloyd whom Sarah Bernhardt described as "the most exquisite artiste on the British stage." She died in 1922, at the height of her fame

ON THE ROOF: Beginning the work of demolition



Drawn by Percy Home

FINALE: A rapid impression of the auditorium of the London Pavilion on the last night, Saturday, April 7. During the evening the audience joined in the choruses of the old-time songs and hundreds of balloons were released from the roof. Among those present was Will Bishop, a famous Empire dancer of the old days, while Joe O'Gorman, who was in the Pavilion bill fifty years ago, was featured in the programme

REMOVING THE CIRCLE: A charwoman taking a regretful last look at the theatre during the work of demolition

LONDON'S CHALLENGE

English Dress Designers are Being Watched with Ever-Growing Interest by America and the Rest of the World

Peter Russell—always an individualist—boldly emphasizes a long bodice line which is carried on to the top of the hip-bone. His loose black coat trimmed with wide bands of drawn-thread work is seen on the left. It has a tremendously long scarf in black and pink and is worn over a printed marocain frock in which black, pink, blue, white, and stone are cleverly blended. It is most intricately cut and seamed to achieve a line which dominates its apparent simplicity

The oatmeal-coloured tweed ensemble in the centre of the page is one of the highlights of his collection. He makes many tunics and split skirts (some of which button at the side-back), and the outstanding feature of this one is the way in which it dips at the side. The belt is just two strands of antelope, and the little jacket, which is cut away at the front to give height to the figure, boasts wide bands of the same fur

Norman Hartnell excels at evening frocks in the "grand" tradition, but he also has to perfection the art of making dinner-dresses which are as subtly exciting as brilliant personal conversation. His black ciré lace dress is sketched on the right at the head of this page. Net softens the high neckline across the front, and the back of the décolleté forms a deep V. Three flat folds weight the hem, and the belt is ornamented and stiffened with glittering oval sequins

Victor Stiebel's really excellent collection includes many little suits with short hip-length jackets—a typical example being shown on the right. This is of black cloth, and is moulded to the waist by radiating tucks—which incidentally he uses a great deal. The jumper is made of heavy silk jersey and is striped in grey, green, white, and coral. On the left is his luxurious brown coat, conservative and slender in outline, trimmed with lynx. It is worn with a heavy georgette dress in brown with pale beige stripes and a soft bow drapery across the base of the neck

APRIL WEDDINGS

"THE DARK INVADER" AT AN ENGLISH WEDDING: *Left*—Captain von Rintelen, the famous German war-time spy, seen with his daughter, who was a bridesmaid, at the marriage of Lieutenant P. W. F. Stubbs, R.N., and Miss Faith Hall, daughter of Admiral Sir Reginald Hall. Sir Reginald, who was Director of Naval Intelligence from 1914 to 1918, met Captain von Rintelen after his capture in 1915. To-day the two men are close friends. *Right*—The bride and bridegroom leaving St. Michael and All Angels Church, Lyndhurst, after the ceremony

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL: Mr. W. H. Luce of the Sudan Political Service and Miss Margaret Napier, youngest daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Trevelyan D. W. Napier, who were married last Saturday. *Right*—The bridesmaids and pages at the wedding of Mr. David McKenna, son of Mr. Reginald McKenna, and the Hon. Cecilia Keppel

AT ST. MARGARET'S: Mr. Frank Onslow and the Hon. Lena Barbara Joan Ogilvie-Grant, daughter of Lord and Lady Strathspey. The two pages attending the bride were Seafield and Trevor Grant

THE EARL OF JERSEY'S BROTHER WEDS: *Left*—The Hon. Edward Mansel Child-Villiers and Miss Barbara Frampton, whose wedding took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. *Right*—The bride and bridegroom leaving Sunderland House, Curzon Street, where the reception was held

IN ATTENDANCE: Two of the six bridesmaids at the wedding of Mr. Frank Onslow and the Hon. Joan Ogilvie-Grant

TATTENHAM CORNER ON DERBY DAY: A scene from *Three Sisters*, the new musical play by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein, which began its run at Drury Lane this week. Esmond Knight, who takes the part of Gypsy Hood, is seen accompanying his song on a guitar

THE "THREE SISTERS" AND THEIR ADMIRERS: Each of the heroines, the daughters of a travelling photographer, finds romance. Tiny (Charlotte Greenwood) with the village policeman (Stanley Holloway); Dorrie (Adèle Dixon) with Sir John Marsden (Richard Dolman); and Mary (Victoria Hopper) with Gypsy Hood (Esmond Knight)

AT THE NEW THEATRE: Two scenes from *The Laughing Woman*, the new play by Gordon Daviot, author of *Richard of Bordeaux*. *Left*—Stephen Haggard as a young but impecunious genius and Veronica Turleigh as Ingrid Rydman, the woman who befriends him. In this scene he is about to trample on a bust he has made of another woman and which has aroused the jealousy of Ingrid. *Right*—Thinking that the wealthy middle-class people who have asked her to dine are patronizing her, Ingrid breaks up the dinner party

PLAYS O

The new Let's-be-British *régime* at Drury Lane has started gallantly enough with an American author, an American composer, and an American leading lady. But *Three Sisters* is British to the core and to the choreus in its theatrical flavour. Every scene takes place in England except two (one a time in France) and then the stage is filled with British khaki. We are back again at the elaborate and very national spectacles which delighted the heart of *consule* Collins, and Epsom Downs on Derby Day, a village green with live horses, live geese, and live comedians, a garden party at a country seat, and a Thames lock on Bank Holiday, have never been done with greater attention to detail and mass effect.

I did not like the wedding in the village church accompanied by the "plugged" comic ditty; but this was an original touch, and—another novelty—it was the only wedding I have ever seen in our National Theatre which was not melodramatically interrupted.

Miss Charlotte Greenwood—... quaintly amusing, and a good sort—is the most prominent of the three sisters. But even she could not put enough brandy into that vast amount of ..., or, rather, sweet and not very fizzy lemonade. The story is long, rambling and over-sentimental, the gallery on first night showing their disapproval of this aspect of it in the usual manner. But, on the whole, *Three Sisters* is a good show, with the accent on the show.

Mrs. Gladys Calthrop's *décor* is beautiful. Mr. Jerry Kern's ... an enormous asset; it is tuneful, genious, and only becomes ... when the ear-piercing brass ... torture the stalls occupants on the prompt side. I have not seen anything better at Drury Lane since Cavalcade, and Miss Victoria Hopper, the child-like, Miss Adèle Dixon, who is ... refined, and Mr. Stanley Holloway and Mr. Albert Burdon, who work ... nobly at what humour there is, ... help to ensure a satisfactory run.

"The Laughing Woman."

Instead of going back a few centuries, Richard II, "Gordon Daviot" (Miss Mackintosh) has gone back in her ... play, *The Laughing Woman*, only ... the War period, and Henri Baudin ... Sophie Brzeska. At least, she says ... the programme that her play has been suggested by Henri and Sophie, but does not contain portraits of them. Then why worry about Henri and Sophie at all?

This is not, I think, so small a point as it seems. My distinguished colleague, Mr. Charles Morgan, discusses it at length and with characteristic charm and insight, taking, in the main, the line that the recent dead artist should not be used as a ... figure at all, not even a minute fraction of him. I agree with Mr. Morgan and continue, on, perhaps, a lower plane, by asserting that it is a vast pity that a dramatist of ... Mackintosh's ... ments has not ... time gone wholly ... fiction.

For all that, the play is an interesting one, though ... and limited in ... dramatic scope. ... has not been ... of economy. She has written some ... analogous to a ... of double concerto ... soprano ... and ... the remainder of the company provide ... not very pro... orchestral accompaniment. Precious ... happens to ... Latour (Henri, ... or less), and ... Rydman (Sophi...

TO-DAY By PHILIP PAGE

"Three Sisters" at Drury Lane : "The Laughing Woman" —An Interesting Play by the Author of "Richard of Bordeaux" : The Imbecile Inventiveness of Stanley Lupino

rather than more), beyond their talk in a shabby Paris room, their living together as brother and sister, in an equally shabby London one, their squabbles, and the departure of René to France, the War, and death.

Yet in its rather gray way the play lives and grips. It is not mere Henri Murger with a dash of the Sanger circus. One of the most difficult things in the theatre is to write, and act, a character intended to be a genius, and at the same time to convey to the audience that genius is really there I veritably believe that René Latour, sculptor, is the first stage genius I have ever seen who convinced me of the reality of his genius. Untidy flannel trousers, hair in need of a barber, and rude railings against wealth and Philistinism cannot do the trick; but Miss Mackintosh, abundantly helped by Mr. Stephen Haggard, has done it.

Mr. Haggard is a more than promising young actor; he is spiritual, but not too much so; he has expressive gestures; a good voice; enough technique to be getting on with; and a lovable personality in which there is not one trace of effeminacy.

Miss Veronica Turleigh was equally successful in the much more difficult task of Ingrid, "the laughing woman," who was about the gloomiest piece of goods I have ever seen on any stage, and the most irritating.

In ... talked a lot about her book on philosophy not ... sentence of which she attempted to write. She ... d and depressed René, and she fell into a jea... nd bust-smashing rage over a rich young blon... o was one of his clients wher... specific arrangement betw... René and herself was plat... nd, on her part, sock-dari... nd maternal. With this... ome intentionally unbe-com... othes, and the dreary Gar... accent, Miss Turleigh pe... a miracle in gaining any... athy for Ingrid at all. To ... o play the part of a su... and not be one is ind... achievement.

"...oor Fireworks."— I w... vise a visit to *Indoor Fir...* at the Aldwych on the ... after a taste of the Dav... lay. This farcical com... Arthur Macrae has not ... wentieth part of the valu... he tense happenings at the ... Theatre. But it is first-rate ... tainment.

I ... e a "rattling farce," as I ... verything that rattles. Fort... there is enough of the ... ining influence of true com... e to make one feel that one ... ong real people who, at any ... on the stage, are much more ... using than caricatures. One ... s so well those families whose ... embers bicker and snarl at one an... her, who are united by the pro... of tragedy in the home, and who resume the squabbles when the clouds pass away.

The "fireworks" in the country cottage of the popular actress, played brilliantly by Miss Fay Compton, who assembled there her brothers, her mother, her sister-in-law, and even an ex-husband, were mostly verbal. If the plot is thin, there are plenty of funny lines to help it along. The author knows how to bring down a curtain and Mr. Leslie Henson knows how to produce fare of this type.

"The Bride . . ."— Miss Kyrle Bellew is so graceful an actress—sincere, decorative, and with a good sense of comedy—that I wish she had returned from a nine years' absence from the stage in a better play than *The Bride . . .* This was called in America *The Bride of the Lamb* and is rather crude and Main Street-ish. It suggested that at any moment it might become immensely "powerful," which was, I believe, the verdict in its native land. But the English are self-conscious about their religion, and the whole atmosphere of this orgy of revivalism and the love that is the reverse of spiritual seemed singularly foreign, though I do not say that it might not strike some responsive hearts in Wales.

One redeeming quality in the play is that its theatrical appeal is so obviously intentional that it is hardly worth while wasting indignation over; had *The Bride . . .* attempted to convey a moral lesson, and had its characters preached at the audience instead of to one another it would have been nauseating. I will not pay the author, Mr. William Hurlbut, the compliment of declaring that he had his tongue in his cheek, but I will acquit him of deliberate sanctimoniousness.

As a stage "thriller" the effect is spoiled by the game being given away too soon. The moment the Reverend Something-or-other, in the handsome person of Mr. Gyles Isham, came to lodge in the house of a drunken dentist and his pretty wife, we knew that the woman would have a passionate love-affair with him. The only surprise came right at the end when the woman, disturbed by the unexpected descent of Mrs. Reverend, who had been deserted, went mad and set off, under escort (she had murdered her dentist with boot-polish), for the local Broadmoor, singing Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" and wearing a piece of meat-safe muslin for a bridal veil.

Miss Bellew did her best to make this scene *macabre* and dreadful, and nearly succeeded; but the author was too much for her.

"HAD I BUT DIED AN HOUR BEFORE THIS CHANCE, I HAD LIV'D A BLESSED TIME; FOR, FROM THIS INSTANT, THERE'S NOTHING SERIOUS IN MORTALITY": Charles Laughton in the name part of *Macbeth*, which has been put on for a four weeks' run at the Old Vic. Behind him is Lady Macbeth, Flora Robson

Miss Beryl Laverick, a child actress, had to show herself avid of both religious and bodily fare, concentrating on mighty meals and hysterical Hallelujahs. She did both with such unpleasant realism that it was a matter for considerable surprise her mother did not put boot-polish on her bread-and-jam before the first act was over.

FARCE-MAKERS AT DALY'S: Lawrence Grossmith and Peter Haddon in the revival of P. G. Wodehouse's comedy, *Good Morning, Bill*

"Libel."— Since *Libel*, the piece at the Playhouse dealing with a libel action against a newspaper, has been written by a real live barrister, who is also the Recorder of Carlisle, I can have no word to say as to the legal procedure in that court in which all three acts took place. It struck me as being odd at times. But one incident rang true, the awarding of thumping damages—£25,000—against the newspaper. Agreed that Sir Mark Loddon was eventually shown to be Sir Mark Loddon—the paper had declared that he was as fraudulent as the Tichborne claimant—but only after events which fell between photographic realism and out-and-out melodrama.

When the melodrama did appear, it was based on circumstances I found incredible. Lady Loddon, who loved her husband and held his hand sympathetically in Act I, later gave evidence against him for quite fantastic reasons, Miss Frances Doble, who played the part, having to behave in the witness-box as no woman would behave. Mr. Leon M. Lion, as a K.C. of the vulpine type, tore the entrails out of the plaintiff under his cross-examination in a way that would have in any event lost the verdict. That was a true slice of realism.

Sir Nigel Playfair, more genial and more delicately destructive, was his "learned friend." Mr. James Carew and Mr. Anthony Holles gave evidence in entertaining fashion. Mr. Aubrey Mather was the judge—and a good judge too.

"Sporting Love."— *Sporting Love* is just the type of piece in which Messrs. Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff have appeared before at the Gaiety. It has the sort of plot—something about impecunious young men who can only be saved financially by some horse winning a race—which has appeared before and will appear many times again. It has music which is bright enough of its kind and ingeniously written, but is not likely to set London agog with its originality. It has the familiar feminine wiles, the familiar feminine smiles, and only the fashion of the feminine frocks has changed. But what it has that is ever-changing, ever-new, and ever-welcome, is the imbecile inventiveness of Mr. Lupino.

THE BANQUET SCENE. The nobles grow suspicious of Macbeth's strange behaviour

THE RUGGED COAST OF CAPRI: A view taken on the east side of the island

SORRENTO: A delightful spring-time resort

CAPRI AND SORRENTO

Gems of the Bay of Naples

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

The beauty of the Bay of Naples is proverbial, but what is not so generally known is the excellence of its climate in the spring. There, the sun then has the power it has here in the early summer, and sun and sea-bathing are extremely enjoyable during several hours in the day-time, whilst there is a delightful freshness in the air which, combined with the fragrance of the blossom of fruit-trees and flowers, gives a wonderful zest to life.

A stay at either Capri or Sorrento, or at each in turn, reveals to the full the charm of this favoured zone. Capri is an extraordinary combination of delightful scenery. This tiny isle of $5\frac{1}{2}$ sq. miles has a coast-line which is one of the most picturesque in the world, rocks of fantastic shapes, a grotto of stalactites and stalagmites, with water of the deepest blue, which is like a scene from Fairyland, hills that tower above the sea to nearly 2,000 ft., and from the heights of which there is a marvellous view of Naples and its glorious bay, and of Vesuvius to the north, and southward, of the wide Bay of Salerno. Between the hills are ravines, running down to the sea, the sides of which are clothed with pines, ilex, and carob, and other aromatic trees and shrubs, and here, there, and everywhere where there is an inch of soil, a vegetation astonishing in its luxuriance and variety meets the eye. And this gem is set in a sea so clear, and so rich in colour, as to render its beauty more perfect.

The island has but one small town—Capri, on the south coast; Anacapri, on the north coast, is only a village, though a very pleasant one. Capri is small, but it has a delightfully romantic and sheltered situation, and what it lacks in size is made up in the quality of its hotels, and the variety of choice they offer, its shops and cafés, and its pleasant terraced walks. Moreover, it has an up-to-date sports club, with bridge rooms and excellent hard tennis courts, reading-rooms, and a restaurant, and its bathing beaches are perfect. And then it is so restful, just the spot in which to enjoy a quiet holiday amid the most beautiful surroundings. Vehicular traffic is allowed on three only of its roads; elsewhere you may walk in peace, revel in scenery unsurpassed of its kind, and admire the rich flora of the island—it has no less than 850 indigenous species, and for the archæologist there are Roman remains of the period of the Emperor Tiberius to occupy his interest.

Sorrento, on the mainland across from Capri, has, like it, a charming situation, perched on the top of high cliffs rising sheer up from the sea, and with a background of hills covered with vineyards and orchards, which in springtime are a mass of bloom against which the dark masses of olive groves stand out in striking contrast.

Away over the shimmering sea, across which you look almost from the cliffs' edge, lie Naples and Vesuvius, and near at hand are romantic little coves with caverns of crystal-clear water, and shady walks, inland amongst the hills, and by the rocky coast. Small wonder that Sorrento has been a pleasure resort throughout the ages, a place where kings were wont to spend their hours of leisure, and that in myth songs were said to have been sung in its praise by the sirens who disported by the beautiful shores of the Tyrrhenian Sea!

Few, indeed, of the pleasure resorts of the world can vie with Sorrento in historic charm. Founded by Greek colonists, in the days of the Roman Empire it was a thriving settlement with villas of the patricians, temples, thermal baths, a circus, and a forum, a favoured retreat of the great Emperor Augustus, of Antoninus Pius, and the learned Marcus Aurelius. It was defended by walls, and a network of narrow streets still preserves the ground-plan of the ancient town, while fragments remain of its gates, walls, and archways, its statues and columns; but naught is left of that far-famed Temple of Venus wherein, on the completion of his *Æneid*, Virgil made a vow to erect a statue of Amor.

Later Sorrento became first an independent duchy, once uniting with the people of Naples, Amalfi, and Gaeta, to destroy a Saracen fleet which threatened invasion, and then a part of the kingdom of Naples, under its Norman rulers. Of those days there are many memorials—the Church of St. Antoninus, the patron saint of Sorrento, with the old form of basilica, with a side-entrance dating from the twelfth century, and arches of Sicilian-Arabesque, decorated with geometric forms of coloured inlaid stone; the Casa Veniero, in the Vico della Pieta with façade decorated in Norman style; the Palace Correale of the fifteenth century, with windows in Gothic style and a Durazzo portal; the Duomo, in the Corso, which has a Roman façade; in the S. Cesareo Road, the Sedile Dominova, a loggia of the fifteenth century, with a maiolica cupola bearing the coats of arms of families of the nobility; and the cathedral, rebuilt in the fifteenth century, and bearing on the architrave over the side-entrance the arms of Sixtus IV and of Ferdinand I of Aragon; and in the Correale Museum there is a splendid collection of artistic treasures.

The Sorrento of to-day preserves the memory of the great poet, Tasso, who was born there, in the Piazza Tasso in which his monument stands, and it is, in every respect, a thoroughly modern resort, with fine hotels and restaurants, and a casino. It is the centre of a number of delightful excursions, afoot, or by motor-coach, along by the sea to Massalubrense, returning through woods of chestnut and pine, along the Casarlano Road and up to Piccolo S. Angelo, nearly 1,500 ft. above the sea, from which you have a view of a part of the Sorrentine Peninsula, and of the bays of Naples and Salerno; to Punta del Capo, with its remains of the Villa of Pollio Felice; to Cesarano and Casarlano, each named after the villas which once stood here of Cæsar Augustus and Marcus Aurelius; to Colli di Fontanelle for a view of the Isle of the Sirens; or to Punta della Campanella, at the extreme end of the Sorrentine Peninsula, and where formerly was a temple dedicated to Minerva.

You can go by boat to many a beach and cavern along the coast, ideal for a picnic, and a steamer and motor-boat service brings Naples and its gay and interesting life within easy reach, whilst the journey is comparatively a short one to Herculaneum and Pompeii, to Pæstum, with its wonderful Greek temples, or to the lovely Amalfi and Ravello and the Isle of Ischia. Indeed both at Sorrento and at Capri you will find that you are able to spend the whole of the day in the fresh air and sunshine, with scenery of ever-varying charm. You reach them by train from a Channel port to Naples, and thence by boat, or—and this is an extremely enjoyable trip—by ocean liner to Naples, returning by boat or train.

Moreover, one thing to remember is that hotel prices in Italy are very moderate and they are fixed so that you need never have any doubt with regard to your accommodation once it has been secured.

THE JEWEL OF THE MEDITERRANEAN: The sheltered little town of Capri

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FAMED AS A BATHING CENTRE: Another view of Sorrento

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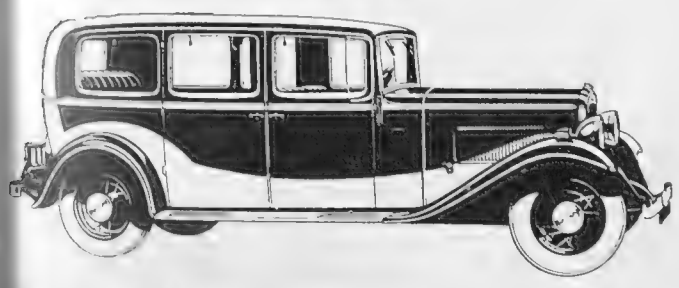

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THE ROMANCE OF MY LADY'S SHOE

The Reptile Skins of Malaya

From man himself to the furred beasts of the wilderness, and even to the worm in the mulberry-tree, all forms of life seem to have been forced into the service of feminine vanity. Slimy things that creep and crawl amid sinister swamps and savage jungles were free from this subjection until a few years ago, when fashionable ladies suddenly decided that the python's diamonds and the lizard's rings make a prettier adornment for their feet than the ordinary leathers to which they had been accustomed for centuries. So yet another of the myriad forms of life was compelled to lay its tribute at My Lady's feet—literally at her feet; and the reptile, so long regarded with horror and loathing, all at once found itself more popular than it has been since the time of Eve; the shoe it offers is even more highly prized than the original apple.

The principal source of reptile skins is Malaya, and some of the most highly prized—the beautifully marked python, known to the trade as the Java diamond, and

IN CENTRAL BORNEO: Natives fishing for the karung, or water snake, the skin of which is now largely used in the manufacture of women's shoes

the karung or water-snake—come from Borneo and Sumatra. There is very great demand at the moment, especially in the London market, for the karung, a pliable and daintily-marked water-snake found in enormous numbers among the interior lakes of Borneo and Sumatra; and most of the cheaper reptile-skin shoes seen in the shop windows to-day are made of the karung's skin.

"Aren't those shoes just simply adorable!" I suppose they are. But a few months ago they were slimy things with vicious fangs, darting over fever-haunted, misty swamps. On the oozing bank a Malayan native, fishing with a stick from which a hooked string dangles, and thanking his stars that the white man, in his cool go-down on the coast, is willing to pay real money even for such pestiferous slugs as the karung.

The python, which is the other principal reptile to provide skin competent to look dainty and wear well, is more expensive than the karung. For one thing, you do not get them in swarms, as you do the karung, and for another, they are most unpleasant things to go hunting for. Not that the native fears them greatly. He catches the smaller variety alive, by grasping it at the neck, and the larger ones are either snared or speared. The process of skinning and drying is much the same as with the water-snake. It should be borne in mind that these reptiles are not poisonous. The karung can give you a nasty bite, and the python can crush you to death, but they are not of the group of poison snakes.

Holland is one of the chief exporters of reptile skins, owning, as she does, in Dutch Borneo and Sumatra two of the most abundant sources; and there are many offices and warehouses throughout The Hague, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam which, when you enter them, carry you right into the pages of J. L. Tomlinson and Joseph Conrad. The other day I ran across one in a quiet, unromantic-looking street of The Hague. It was the office of a young Englishman to whom I carried a letter of introduction. He had spent ten years in Borneo and had come to Holland to carry on from this end the business in jungle produce which he had built up in Malaya. I sniffed the air as I entered: scents of Penang and Sumatra; the curious, nostalgic stench of reptile and crocodile skins; the odour of gums; and stacks of rattan; that cool, precious hour, just before dawn, when your cigarette on the verandah, and boats slowly passing down river, piled high with jungle-fruits like heaps of live jewels.

"God! Barry, I must get back there. Can't bear it."

"Got you, too, eh? Well, it won't be long before I chuck this and go back."

The telephone rang. An order from London for a thousand karung skins . . . The jungle stirred, and My Lady, her foot on a plush stool, sat smiling while the Bond Street salesman fitted the shoe.

R. E.

AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: An exhibit by Carters Tested Seeds, Ltd., which is a small replica of part of the gardens on the Earl of Clarendon's Hertfordshire estate

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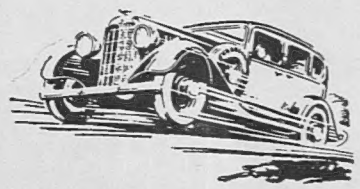

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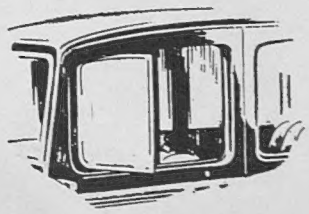

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THE FATE OF THE SAAR

(*Continued from p.* 58)

Never before will people have voted themselves back to a country with such misgiving in their hearts, however they may celebrate on the surface. It is, in fact, an interesting psychological and human problem—how these Saarlanders, men and women, are being torn this way and that over their allegiance. In some respects matters even attain the condition of a battle: the Pope versus Hitler. Reason, tradition, class, all are deeply involved as the Nazis seek to tug everybody into the sentimental net. A minute card index is being kept of every Saarlander's opinions and leanings so that no "traitor" shall be allowed to escape. Nor must any form of amnesty be looked for. Now is the time to humour the Nazis if one is to expect a maximum of pardon later. Most of the Civil Service and the uniformed cadres are believed to be little else than camouflaged Nazi agents, having been steadily won over by threats to fire them. True, Geneva hopes to prevent any victimization when it quits the Saar but it is a pretty big hope.

In conclusion, I fully expect between 65 and 70 per cent. of the plebiscite to go, willy-nilly, in Hitler's favour. When the Germans get this sort of thing in the blood, it stays there; and if they feel that way about things, perhaps it is better that they should go now, enabling the last frontier of Versailles to be finally drawn. The League has it in its power to postpone the plebiscite on the score of undue Nazi pressure, which has unquestionably already been exerted, but one does not see what purpose would be served by that. Time was when 95 per cent. of the Saar would have voted for reunion with Germany. This figure looks like being reduced by about 20 or 30 per cent. as a result of the coming of the Nazis. A qualification here is the possibility of a labour or economic collapse in Germany. This could manifestly affect the voting.

It may be that I over-estimate the Nazi influence. Yet, on the spot, the German Front does really give the impression of having been composed—always excepting the Jews and Communists (not a large number) and other Liberal-minded ones who may nevertheless vote for the Nazis under the rose. The pressure coming over that unprotected frontier is terrific! However unwelcome and damaging the Hitlerian doctrines may turn out to be for the Saar, it is a case of Hitler, and that seems to be sufficient to sink all questions of interest, logic, even religion. It is a rotten problem to be up against. To have blood and race on one side and common-or-garden self-interest ranged on the other. But that's how it is. One's chief fear is that a débâcle in the Saar might communicate itself in other directions when a prolongation of the successful League regime would have at least avoided that.

DOCK THIEVES

(*Continued from p.* 66)

search is made of the vanguard, the "wire" goes back. To prevent this the police usually have a number of men some distance from the gates to catch what are known as the "run backs." Another trick is for those who are not carrying the stolen goods to fill their pockets with newspapers or anything else to give them a bulky appearance, so that while the police are engaged in examining them, the real thieves escape. Yet on the whole there is very little organized crime in the docks. This is really surprising when one considers the tremendous value of the goods that pass through. It is also a tribute to the dock police.

At the present minute there is a waiting list of over 800 men anxious to join the Force, but there are no vacancies. Candidates must possess a certificate of ability to swim, and before being confirmed in their appointments they must also show a certificate of the Royal Life Saving Society that they are proficient in methods of saving life of those in danger of drowning. The Force possesses its own instruction book which, besides containing all the instruction and police procedure that the ordinary constable needs to know, deals also with the multifarious duties peculiar to dock police.

Beat duty in the docks in 1934 is very much the same as beat duty anywhere else. Sheds and quays are patrolled. All appliances for the prevention of fires and the saving of life are examined to see that they are in working order. In addition, traffic is regulated, order is maintained, and the beat constables are the principal agency for seeing that the authority's by-laws, of which there are eighty, are correctly observed. The chief difficulty in the prevention and detection of pilferage lies in locating exactly where the pilferage takes place.

Although a case of whisky opened in the docks because it seems to be suspiciously light in weight is found to be six bottles short, it does not follow that the whisky was extracted in the docks. It may have occurred in the place of manufacture or *en route* to the docks by rail, water, or road.

Another handicap is the difficulty of getting information. Although most dock labourers are honest, and although it is impossible for the dishonest minority to thieve without the knowledge of their mates, it is seldom that the latter will give them away. Offers of money, rewards, and promises not on any account to divulge the informant's identity do not produce any tangible result. Despite all this, the Port of London Authority police, who celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their inception a few days ago, can be congratulated without any qualifications on their record. Crime has decreased by half in their area. For the past six years, *par exemple*, not a single vanload of goods has been stolen inside their territory.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

WEEK-END CRUISES TO BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.

The regular week-end cruises to Belgium and Holland which were so popular a feature of last summer, will again be operated this season by the London and North Eastern Railway. The inclusive fare for such a trip, which provides for 1st class accommodation on the S.S. *Vienna* of the L.N.E.R. fleet, and 3rd class on the train to and from Harwich, is 72s. 6d. There will be a cruise every week-end from June 29 to September 7, passengers leaving Liverpool Street Station at 7.42 p.m. on Friday, and arriving back at the same station at 8 a.m. on the following Monday. There will be opportunities to go ashore at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, the Hook of Holland, Flushing, Antwerp, or Zeebrugge, at which towns Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son have arranged interesting shore excursions.

Answers to Enquirers

H., Hove (Sea voyage).—The boats of the Union Castle Line would suit your requirements very well. You would find a very nice class of people travelling on the mail boats, though we would advise you to select either the *Armadale Castle*, the *Kenilworth Castle*, or the *Balmoral Castle* for your trip. The voyage out to Cape Town occupies seventeen days.

A., Cambs (Italy).—The single 1st class wagon-lit fare from London to Toulon, via Dover-Calais, is £15 14s. 11d., and the 1st class fare by the Orient Line steamer from Toulon to Naples is £4. The single 1st class wagon-lit fare from London to Naples, via Dover-Calais is £21 1s. The climate of Naples during winter is temperate and quite pleasant, while April and May are good months during which to visit Rome. For a long stay we think you would find it more pleasant to stay at one of the small resorts near Naples, rather than in the town itself. Amalfi, for instance, which faces due South, is a delightful little place, and the Hôtel Santa Caterina there has been very strongly recommended to us. The island of Capri, 1½ hours by boat from Naples, is another ideal place for a winter sojourn.

McC., Cork (Spain).—The headquarters of the Patronato Nacional del Turismo of Spain are at Medinaceli 2, Madrid, while there is a branch office at 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine, Paris, and, of course, at numerous towns throughout Spain. The return 2nd class fare from London to Barcelona (with 1st class travel in Spain) via Newhaven–Dieppe is about £11 17s. 1d. It is possible to go to Barcelona by cargo boat, but as the voyage takes several days it would prove more expensive than travelling overland. Tossa, one-and-a-half hours' journey from Barcelona, via Gerona, is a very pretty little spot, right on the sea. The Casa Steyer Hotel there is very good, with terms from about 9s. per day. The surrounding country is extremely beautiful, but Tossa can be recommended only to those seeking a really quiet holiday with possibilities of good bathing and walking. Sitges, to the south side of Barcelona, is a well-known resort, where you would find entertainment and congenial society.

M., Durham (London).—A good pocket atlas and guide to London is published by E. J. Burrows and Co., 125, Strand, London, W.C.2, price 2s. Geographia, Ltd., 55, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, also publish a large selection of maps and guides to London, ranging from 2s. and upwards in price.

D., Lancs. (Germany).—For a centre in the Black Forest you could not do better than visit Wildbad, where you would find the Hotel Deutscher Hof very comfortable. There is good trout-fishing to be had in the neighbourhood, and any number of lovely walks, so that Wildbad would appear to be the ideal place for you.

At the Service of Our Readers

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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" Cervantes was embarked in the galley *La Marquesa*, but, owing to a slight illness, he was temporarily relieved of service, and was lying in his cabin dazed by fever, and agonising that he was unable to take part in the battle.

The din of war without incessantly increased his excitement. The harsh commands, the violent explosions, the fragmentary descriptions that reached him at last proved too much.

Cervantes could remain idle no longer. He left his bed. His comrades besought him to rest. Even Francisco San Pietro, the commander of his ship, ordered him to keep under shelter. But his fiery spirit cared nought for orders and less for advice. He buckled on his armour. . . .

Women now began to count for something in his life. Cervantes, in civilian dress, paid court assiduously to the beautiful and noble Dona Catalina, de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano. Ever a true artist, he drew from this association not only the pleasures of love, but also the inspiration for his poem ' Galatea.' "

From "OLD TALES RETOLD" by F. MATANIA, R.I.—The Life and Adventures of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

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". . . There's nothing new in this stuff," Wassermann interrupted.

" It'll be new enough presently," Lakry answered; and went on: " With his observer dead Lak has only himself to consider. He climbs back into the fight. He is shot at right and left, but gradually manœuvres his plane above the red Albatros, who is driving down another Bristol. Lak is not firing: the German ace knows he can't. Securing his position Lak dives straight down on the Albatros. Its pilot treats this as bluff. He does not believe the lamed Bristol intends anything so suicidal as a ram. Lak's machine strikes his wing, breaking it off. The Albatros goes down like a shot pheasant. Lak spirals after it out of control. FADE IN a section of enemy lines.

We see the Albatros a blazing ruin. Lak's plane is near it, wrecked but not destroyed. We see Lak is badly hurt, but conscious. German soldiers haul him out and carry him away on a stretcher."

" But, darn it, this is a war story," Wassermann protested. " Who the hell cares—— "

" It is not a war story," Lakry corrected. " It is Part I of a peace story."

" . . . I get you now, Mr. Hounslow," Wassermann grinned. " This is not one of your advance stories. It's an author's hard-luck tale—and it ain't got a tail."

" You are wrong," said Lakry. " It has a tail with a twist that'll . . . "

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